


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 16, 1971 60 CENTS



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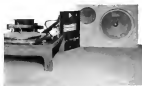
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When properly filled out and presented by anyone over the age of 18 to a participating Fisher dealer, this coupon will be exchanged for a copy of the new 1972 edition of "The Fisher Handbook" plus the sum of \$1.00 (one dollar). This offer is available strictly on a one-time basis through participating independent Fisher dealers, who may discontinue the offer at any time. Coupon is void where taxed, restricted or prohibited by law. Offer expires November 15, 1971.

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**See* *supra* note 1, *at* 104, *for* *discussion* *of* *the* *role* *of* *the* *state* *in* *the* *protection* *of* *the* *environment*.

WHERE TO BUY COMPUTAMATIC GAMES

[illegible]

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Electronic Data Controls Corporation
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Page 10 of 10



It's like getting one of these. For the price of one of these.

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Introducing the Grand Prix Slide Projector by Sawyer's.



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Next week

DANGER, EXPLOSIVE! Will the precision pitching and play of the Orioles continue to nullify Pittsburgh power? Bill Leggett reports on the final games of the World Series.

THE WAR is over in pro basketball—and now the shooting starts. Analyses of all the ABA and NBA clubs, the big matchups and a look at the Bulls' Dick Motta by Frank Deford

A CLASH OF EGOS is part of the show on ABC's Monday night football telecast featuring Howard Cosell, Don Meredith and Frank Gifford. Edwin Shrage describes the fun.



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beat the blades.
And proved it.**



The machine created
to measure whiskers.

Early this year we introduced the new Norelco Tripleheader III. It delivered such an improved shave, we were convinced it could even beat blades.

But how could we convince men that any electric shaver could perform that well?

The machine I created to measure whiskers. We proposed 3 tough tests and hired an independent research organization to execute them.

The First Test

After using a new Tripleheader two weeks, 112 men—mostly blade users—shaved one side of their face with the Tripleheader, the other with a new blade—a leading chromium or platinum one. Then the men compared the shaves. Blades couldn't beat Norelco for closeness. On comfort and lack of irritation, Norelco beat the blades.

The Second Test

Next, 3 barbers inspected the faces. They touched. They scrutinized. And 7 out of 10 times the barbers judged the Norelco shave to be as close or closer than the blade shave. But as impressive as these results were, we went further.

	Chromium	Steel	Leak of Initiation	Preferred Steel
Marble on poly and steel preferred	40	30	20	20
Marble and steel equal	40	10	30	10
Chromium equal to steel	200	200	200	200

The Machine That Had To Be Invented To Measure Whiskers After Shaving

We combined a microscope and a special lighting system cool enough not to affect the skin. We added a special rotating mirror for the lens end to see and measure the full length of each bristle. Finally, a camera to photograph each one at 210 times life size.

This machine was the basis for...

The Third Test

One by one, 24 men got under the microscope. Whisker by whisker the camera photographed the blade-shaved side and the Norelco-shaved side.

These remarkable photomicrographic measurements showed the stubble for the 24 men tested was an average of 10.8% shorter on the Norclon-shaved side than on the blade-shaved side.

How did we deliver this shaving performance?

The Unique Norelco Principle

The genius of the Norelco idea is 18 self-sharpening blades that continuously stroke whiskers away without a nick or a pinch. Inside floating heads, they nestle into the curves of your face, cutting smoothly, more evenly overall. A Norelco shave feels smoother because it is smoother. But what's new is what we've done to the shaving heads themselves.

The 1971 Breakthrough —
The SUPER Microgroove™ Head

Most men think you can't get a close shave with an electric shaver because of the metal screen between the blades and your skin. But in the revolutionary design of the Norelco floating head, the metal literally presses the skin down around each whisker (1) and gently lifts the hair up to the rotary blades.



How the SUPER Ma regrows
beard shaves below skin level
but still comfortable.

If you haven't tried an electric shaver in a long time, you've got a surprise in store for you. Just as blades have changed a lot over the years, electric shavers have, too. No one ever disputed the fact that Norelco delivers the most comfortable shave of all. But now, when the most comfortable shave in history turns

...out to be as close or closer than blades, electric shaving has come of age.



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**Bob Griese wears
The Traveller knit suit
from Sears, because
whoever heard of
a wrinkled Dolphin.**

Bob Griese, Miami Dolphin quarterback, likes comfortable, easy-to-care-for clothes, which is why he likes

The Traveller. You see, being a knitsuit, The Traveller hardly ever wrinkles. And when it does, shaking it out and hanging it up for a while gets rid of the wrinkles.

The comfortable part is the way The Traveller stretches slightly, then bounces back to its original shape. The Traveller. The suit that was packed and unpacked

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distortion. Plus a sensitive FM/AM tuner that zeros in on a station and won't let it drift away. And a cassette player/recorder that's a cinch to operate.

So you can hold on to your old record collection while you're building up your cassettes. Or borrow a friend's collection and tape it yourself. Or just groove to sweet, free music on the radio.

(If you happen to like cartridge

better than cassette, there's the Sony HP 218 with an 8-track cartridge player instead.)

We built something else into this three-in-one Sony. And that's Sony quality, workmanship and reliability.

So why not listen to how great this Sony sounds?

Bring it home. Lift up the dust cover. Put on some music. And then have a party and raise the roof.

SONY

BOOKTALK

Rodeo's bad old days lose something
in a new and workmanlike translation

Fred Schnell begins his book on rodeo misleadingly but enticingly, with a scene in a Phoenix barroom. Carrying his camera and tape recorder, the author has a run-in with a drunken saddle bronc rider who asks, "You doing some kind of exposé on cowboys?" and tries to ease Schnell off his barstool. To the author's alarm, the other rodeo performers in the bar begin to reminisce about great quarrels of the past among their kind, some of which ended in gunfights and occasionally in death. Sure enough, when Schnell steps outside, the belligerent bronc buster is waiting for him, attended by two "lean and tough" cowboys. And then?

Well, nothing. And so, the start of Schnell's *Rodeo: the Suicide Circuit* (Rand McNally, \$12.95) was a letdown for the author, and it proves to be one for the reader as well. The fight never comes off, and at their next meeting the bronc rider invites Schnell to a friendly game of pool.

Thereafter, *Rodeo* settles down to 14 workmanlike chapters on bronc riding, roping, steer wrestling, bull riding and other events, all illustrated with 125 Schnell photographs of riders cartwheeling through the air, clowns a foot ahead of crashing bulls, men leaping from a horse to grab a steer by its horns and the like. They justify Schnell's subtitle, *rodeo is a suicide circuit*.

The new world of rodeo, Schnell says, is highly concerned about its image. It is now a big, prospering enterprise: 600 professional rodeos a year, 40 million spectators, as much as \$100,000 in prize money in a single rodeo. Its superstars like Larry Mahan, who won \$280,000 over seven years, do all the things superstars in other sports do, from flying their own planes to endorsing breakfast cereal. Many of today's rodeo performers are former college athletes rather than former cowboys, and this change has cost the sport some of its color and lore.

Yet this may be to the good. "A lot of the old-timers were animals," one rider tells Schnell. "Even many of the champions were nothing but glorified Western hoodlums and criminals." Ruling today's sport is the Rodeo Cowboys Association, which forces its 3,000 members to wear appropriate cowboy garb and levies fines and suspensions for infractions that soil the idealized Western image. And for Wild West traditionalists there is one consolation: about 100 riders are suspended each year for being bad guys.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

Slaughter the Animals, Poison the Earth, Jack Olsen's probing study of human depredations of American wildlife, which originated as a series of articles in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster (\$6.95).

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1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '79

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

OH, WHAT A TANGLED WEB

Poor old NBC. It originally had TV rights to two pro football games last Sunday as well as the World Series. Because of a time conflict, it had to let another network take over the earlier of the two football games, which CBS did. NBC died a little when it realized the football telecast would start an hour before the Series game, thus giving CBS the chance to lure away a substantial part of NBC's audience with—oh, this hurts—what really was NBC's game. Then it died a lot when the rains came and washed out the baseball game, leaving NBC, like the girl in the old song, with time on its hands and nowhere to go on a gloomy Sunday afternoon.

SMIFF VS. BALINER

The ABC news commentator Howard K. Smith, who is based in Washington, last week had some fun on his program with neighboring Baltimore, which is nationally famous for Orioles, Colts, Bullets and crab cakes, and locally famous for the distinctive way it mangles the English language (SI, Oct. 10, 1966). After moaning about the repeated successes of Baltimore vis-à-vis Washington, going back to the War of 1812, Smith said, "I have hunted for something unfavorable to say about Baltimore and I've come up with this: they can't speak English there. They call their city Balimer, Marelín. They call garbage gobidge. Legal is pronounced liggie. Paranoise is their word for power mower. If you ask directions, remember that Droodle Avenue means Druid Hill Avenue. Clays means clothes. Doll means dial—the phone. Cancel means council, as in town cancel . . . and the team they meet in the Series is the Pittsburgh Parrots."

A Baltimore city hall press aide named John W. Eddinger fired off a reply to Smith: "We heard you own the TV about Balimerese. What's so funny about a paramour to cut the grass, we'd like to ax? Anyway, air Awrioles won the

Murican Lig, and we invite you to be air guest at air ball park when they paddle the Pittsburgh Parrots in the World Series. Jawn us in Balimer, buoy. It'll give you a chance to escape D.C. on-cet. Balmer is right next dewer, only a few molls from your hayome. Conse owen over. Lissena to thousands of Balimorians yell, "Gayo, Awrioles, gayo!"

And the city comptroller, Hyman A. Pressman, composed a poem: "Harrid K. Smiff is a paddler puff. He treated the city of Balimer rough. He oughter visit Balimer and mebbe try Our Marelín ushrters or lemon inoran pie.

If he falls on the payment nr itches in his pants, We'll give him a ride in our ambulance." Good night, Harrid.

DOOULE TAKE

In Maryland, as in some other states, the payment of a special fee allows an automobile owner to obtain license plates imprinted with a single word of the owner's choosing. The veteran starter of races at Maryland's thoroughbred tracks elected to have his last name on his plates, which creates quite a stir when he toots around the highways. The starter's name is Eddie Blind.

HEARTY

Bob Lurie of Holliston, Mass. was sitting south in a duplicate bridge tournament. He and his partner had bid three no trump but Lurie, playing the hand, could count only eight sure tricks. As he studied the alternatives open to him, he suddenly felt ill. He lay down on the floor and one of his opponents at the table, Dr. Malcolm Colmer of Scarsdale, N.Y., examined him. The doctor felt that Lurie might be experiencing a mild cardiac irregularity and immediately called for an ambulance.

As they waited for the ambulance, Lurie said he would finish the hand. But when he sat at the table the distress returned, and again he was obliged to lie

down. Annoyed—he had been playing well and this was the final hand of the evening—he called for his cards and said, "I can play it from here." And he did, with the doctor pausing now and then to check his pulse. From his supine position Lurie chose a tactic that forced Dr. Colmer, of all the unkind cuts, into a lead that gave his patient the ninth trick and the contract.

The triumphant Lurie was then taken to a hospital where he learned that he had made a top score for that particular deal, that he and his partner were best overall for the evening and, certainly least important to a dedicated bridge player, that his momentary illness was not serious.

GULLS' BEST FRIEND

Coastal areas are beginning to turn to their local sea gulls for the latest report on pollution, if you accept a theory advanced by Richard Anderson, acting director of the Maine Audubon Society. While some species of birdlife have di-



minished toward the vanishing point because of man's abuse of the environment, the sea-gull population has been doubling every dozen years or so. One bird's poison is another bird's meat. There is an old Thorne Smith book in which the hero, who has been turned into a sea gull, is befriended by a real gull. "Want to fly over and eat some gar-baget?" the new friend asks. Smith knew his gulls. "They have a strong, rapid digestive system that can even digest steak

continued

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bones," says Anderson. Because of this they flourish and multiply wherever man leaves garbage uncovered or untreated. For example, some now commute 90 miles or more each day from crowded nesting areas along the Maine coast to gourmet hot spots around Boston.

In one way the gulls would seem to be a blessing: as scavengers that help get rid of messy garbage. But they don't get rid of all of it and, worse, they carry tapeworms that pass into water supplies via the birds' droppings. Fish, particularly salmon, are vulnerable to tapeworm infestation.

Anderson strongly recommends doing away with open, burning garbage dumps and other exposed waste areas. "We'll know the environmental problem is improving when the gull population declines," he says.

RUG

The current flap about artificial turf came into sharp focus during the recent Dolphin-Jet game in Miami's Orange Bowl. The Poly-Turf surface was matted and seemed to be covered with a fine dust, which created a very slippery situation. Coach Don Shula of the Dolphins reported later that players had slipped 59 times during the game (Miami, outslipping New York 33-26, lost the game 14-10). Once, on a reverse, Paul Warfield of the Dolphins had an open field ahead of him. "I made a sharp cut," said Warfield. "Whether I'd have slipped on regular grass I couldn't say, but I never slipped so fast before in my life. I was on the ground before I knew it."

Poly-Turf fared better last Sunday, with slippage almost nonexistent in the New England Patriots' stadium in Foxboro, Mass., despite a steady, heavy rain. It is said to have longer fibers and more padding than either AstroTurf or Tartan, and it is the only artificial surface endorsed by the NFL Players Association. Ordinarily, it is vacuumed and swept after every game. "The grain here runs north to south," said the Orange Bowl's Al Rubio, "so we vacuum it from south to north and then sweep it the same way. That keeps it from matting." Unfortunately, a high school game was played in the stadium the night before the Dolphin-Jet debacle. "It takes the better part of a day to vacuum and sweep the field," Rubio explained, "and we just didn't have time to get it done by game time."

Art Spinney of American Biltrite, which makes Poly-Turf, thought pollution might have been the culprit. "We have one field on which we have a hell of a problem because of nearby steel mills," said the former Baltimore Colts lineman. "This film of dust may be residue from planes. We'll vacuum this and then clean it with a shampooer."

While awaiting the shampooer, which had to come from South Carolina, Spinney arranged a jerry-built cleaning device. Sixteen old-fashioned scrub brushes were nailed to the bottoms of a wooden form and dragged over the field. Famously embarrassed by the simplicity of his scrub-brush rig, Spinney added, "This will agitate the fibers, and that will break the dust and rejuvenate the surface. You have to remember, synthetic turfs are still in their infancy. Matting is indigenous to all of them. You can look at fields installed by our competitors and find much the same thing. It's like your living-room carpet."

Except, of course, that Paul Warfield doesn't cut downfield on his living-room carpet.

FLOWED UNDER

Another setback for artificial surfaces in Florida occurred at Calder Race Course, the brand-new thoroughbred track near Miami. When Calder opened last May, one of its shiny features was its Saf-T-Turf track, an all-weather surface produced by Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, which also makes Tartan. By the end of the summer horsemen were so opposed to Saf-T-Turf that the Calder management reluctantly agreed to cover it over with sand. What makes this particularly frustrating is that the Calder track was built by William McKnight, the horseman who owned the superb Dr. Fager and who is chairman of the board of Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing.

THEY SAID IT

- Larry Lacewell, assistant football coach at Oklahoma, on the Sooners' successive games with Southern California, Texas and Colorado: "I can't figure how we missed scheduling Russia."
- Mel Daniels, Indiana Pacers center, on his first meeting with Artis Gilmore, star rookie of the Kentucky Colonels: "He said I taught him a lot. I couldn't quite figure that one out. All he did was get 30 points and 23 rebounds."

END

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A BIRDBATH FOR THE PIRATES

The Bucs were keelhauled and hung out to dry as the Orioles, in their most relentless fashion, ran off to a two-game Series lead **by RON FIMRITE**

The 1971 World Series, at least the first two games' worth, was scarcely a triumph for those who consider baseball to be a tactical exercise. Rather, it proceeded a bit more along the lines suggested by the Pittsburgh Pirates' Roberto Clemente on Monday after his team was disassembled 11-3.

"You hit him hard," said Clemente, speaking of the Orioles in a collective sense—which is the way the Orioles always seem to be coming at you, "and he hit you harder. And you say, 'This fellow want to kill me.'"

The Baltimore Orioles may not exactly have had homicide in mind, but there was no doubt that the Pirates were on the verge of extinction. Those who were looking forward at all could only hope that the escape from Baltimore to their carpeted home field would offer them a chance to recoup, or at least to die less ignominiously.

The opening loss was by a reasonably dignified 5-3 score, although all of the Oriole runs were a result of home runs. The second was something else, however, an inartistic shambles in which the Orioles inflicted many indignities. Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer twice walked with the bases loaded, scoring Brooks Robinson each time. Merv Reitenmund singled twice in one inning—the six-run fifth. And Pirate Catcher Manny Sanguillen was felled at the plate by a near-perfect block thrown by the Orioles' Dave Johnson. Johnson was out on

the play. So, nearly, was Sanguillen.

"I'm sorry," said Johnson on his next turn at bat. "That's O.K.," said Sanguillen. Later he qualified his acceptance of the apology. "That's no fair baseball," he said out of Johnson's hearing. "But what can I say after he says, 'I'm sorry'?"

In all, the Orioles reached Pirate pitching for 14 singles in that second game, three of them by Frank Robinson (see cover), a home-run hero in the first game, and three more by Brooks, who also walked twice. Frank entered the third game in Pittsburgh hitting a robust .625, Brooks .571.

All of this—the heavy hitting, the roughhousing, the bases on balls (15 in the second game alone)—negated what both managers seem to count upon as a forum for the expression of their tactical genius.

Danny Murtaugh has the prototypical baseball manager's face—a masterwork of seams and pouches, all drawn downward to a junction with his protruding jaw. But he is no curmudgeon, and he has great respect for his trade. Asked how important a manager is to a team, particularly one that hits .274 for the season, Murtaugh replied in depth.

"The leader of any team in professional sport has to play an important part in its success. Every manager must realize what his ball club needs. We are all equal in this knowledge. We all make about the same moves. Eventually it is a question of strength."

Murtaugh's team has its strength; it also has its weaknesses, one of which—pitching—may prove competitively fatal against a club as abundantly talented as the Orioles. As the clubs headed for Pittsburgh, Murtaugh's best hopes for survival seemed to be in praying for rain. At least the Pirates did not lose on Sunday.

It is perhaps inevitable of Murtaugh's counterpart on the Orioles that he should worry, even in the beginning, as much about the Pirates' weaknesses as about their strength. Before the Series opened, Earl Weaver was pensive, his Mickey Rooney features stilled for once. He was trying hard to think of a way the Pirates could wrest the championship from his Orioles. It is always wise for a major league manager to have such unpleasant thoughts, for even the best of teams—Weaver's included—can be beaten in unsuspected ways. Remember what happened to the Orioles in 1969. Stuff, it seemed Weaver was stretching even his own formidable capacity for stone unturning when he finally concluded, "They have great arms on that pitching staff. We will just have to hope their pitchers all have bad days."

Weaver may be the only man in his business who ever gave a thought to Pittsburgh pitching. It is Pittsburgh hitting that commands the respect of more ordinary thinkers. Clemente, Stargell, Sanguillen, Robinson—these were names to be reckoned with; Pittsburgh pitching was useful only for complying with the regulation that says both teams must have a turn at bat before an inning is completed. For the Pittsburgh team it is an obligation to be fulfilled between ticks.

But then Weaver had to fret about something. Worrying is a tool of his calling. And when a baseball manager can turn loose three 20-game winning pitchers on his opponent and keep a fourth in reserve for unlikely emergencies, well how is he going to scare himself silly over the other guy's hitting? No, the only thing left to brood about as Weaver approached the Series was pitching, or whatever they call it in Pittsburgh.

Danny Murtaugh had many more legitimate concerns. Baltimore pitching

continued

Sluggo White Stargell, climbing the wall over his own failure to hit, climbs the fence in a futile attempt to grab Merv Reitenmund's home.





Looking humanely peccable, Ellis Hendricks commits that rarest of Baltimore birds—an error—as Pittsburgh's sliding Menny Sanguillen scores.

WORLD SERIES continued

was the best in baseball. The Baltimore defense was the best in baseball—so good that in the opener Weaver could bench Paul Blair, whom he considers to be the game's best outfielder, in favor of a bigger hitter, Merv Rettenmund. And Baltimore hitting would be the best in baseball if Pittsburgh's was not. But Murtaugh is, like Weaver, a baseball academic to whom the obvious is contemptible. Habitually, he scurries about the laboratory, experimenting with lefty-righty batting orders and suicide squeeze plays, content to let the monster with the bat in his hand lie dormant and shackled on the slab until needed—and then, sometimes it is too late.

Such curiosity is, under ordinary circumstances, admirable, but in the final analysis it is the players who must play the game. Even in the opening win by the Orioles it was obvious that managerial celebration went for nothing. The players simply refused to perform as programmed.

Murtaugh, seeking an advantage over Weaver's left-handed pitcher, Dave McNally, benched two left-handed batters, Richie Hebner and Al Oliver, who between them hit 31 home runs and batted in 131 runs during the regular season, in favor of two right-handed batters, Jose Pagan and Gene Cline, who between them hit six home runs and batted in 39 runs. Righties Pagan and Cline went 0 for 8 against McNally. As for Murtaugh's suicide squeeze, it worked just fine—if only because the best defense in baseball went comically bad for one inning.

Most everyone conceded that even Pittsburgh's fierce batsmen would have

trouble making fools out of Baltimore's consummate fielders. Then, in the second inning, this theory was also given the lie. With Bob Robertson on second base by means of a walk and a wild pitch, Menny Sanguillen hit a hard ground ball to the ordinarily impeccable Onole shortstop, Mark Belanger. Robertson, ignorant apparently of Belanger's reputation for alertness, foolishly attempted to advance to third. Sure

enough, Belanger threw to Brooks Robinson in ample time to catch the sliding Robertson. But the ball bounced off Robertson's batting helmet and he scored easily. Sanguillen, meanwhile, moved to second. He was on third moments later when McNally fielded Jack Hernandez' squeeze bunt. The pitcher then tossed quickly to Catcher Elrod Hendricks who, as he later explained, "Never saw the ball." It bounded past

No one stops Roberto Clemente every time: Oriole sharpshooter Dave McNally was 3 for 4.



him for error No. 2. The Pirates scored their third run of the inning and lost of the game when Dave Cash singled to center field, scoring Hernandez. It was an improbable Baltimore inning—two errors, three unearned runs.

But McNally mowed down the Pirates' right-wing platoon the remaining seven innings, retiring, in one stretch, 19 consecutive batters. He finished with a tidy three-hitter and nine strikeouts.

Weaver's concern over Pittsburgh pitching didn't trouble him for long. Frank Robinson homered for one run, Rettenmund homered for three more and Don Buford homered for yet another, and the game was won.

If Weaver ever feared Pirate pitching, his outfielders never saw reason to do so. They were surprised, they said after the first game, that Pittsburgh starter Dock Ellis was not faster. The always solicitous Rettenmund told reporters he knew from past experience that Ellis had a better fastball than he exhibited on Saturday. Ellis and Murtaugh agreed, although Ellis' explanation seemed flawed in logic.

"The scouting report on me happens to be that I'm a breaking-ball pitcher," he protested, adding, "Yes, all those big hits were off breaking pitches."

Murtaugh allowed as how he might have some second thoughts about his platooning tactics but said he reserved the right to make his own judgments on such matters. This was in obvious reference to unfavorable opinions on platooning advanced earlier in the week by the benched Oliver. After the first game, however, Oliver was as charitable as only a man so vindicated can be. Yes, he'd like to play all the time, he acknowledged, but, "This is the way he [Murtaugh] manages."

Weaver was hard pressed to describe just how he manages. It was brought to his attention that benching the best defensive outfielder in the game for an offensive platoon was remarkably prescient. Weaver modestly demurred.

"During the season I went by the pitching charts," he said. "I'd play whoever I thought could hit the pitcher best. It was all very scientific. Almost computerized. Today, I didn't have any charts, so I just looked up the batting averages and played the guys who had the best ones."

Modern science, it appeared, had given way to bookkeeping.

END



Little Don Buford is met by Rettenmund and big Bong after his screaming first-game homer.

OKLAHOMA WINS THE WISHBONE WAR

Darrell Royal invented college football's most effective offense, but last week the Sooners made him wish he hadn't **by DAN JENKINS**

Oklahoma had joked about stitching "Hello" on the front of Greg Pruitt's jersey and "Goodbye" on the back, and that might not be a bad idea now that the Sooners have finally beaten Texas in a football game that for more than a decade pretty much belonged to Darrell Royal and the merry riot makers of downtown Dallas. In a funny old way last Saturday's game still belonged to Royal because Oklahoma used his Wishbone offense to outstreak the Longhorns for a victory that might have been even more convincing than 48-27 if the Sooners had just pitched Greg Pruitt the ball more often. When Pruitt gets the football it seems to be a case of so long, how long you gonna be gone?

The Sooners not only won the State Fair Circus for the first time in five years—and for only the second time in the past 14—they did it in a way that humiliated the Longhorns. Running, Oklahoma just hauled off and ran and ran, all afternoon long, the way Texas had been doing it to everybody since Royal came up with the Wishbone T in 1968, coupled it with the triple option and turned rushing defenses into something bordering on ruins. Oklahoma ran so much that it set a record for points scored on a Royal team at Texas, and the 435 yards the Sooners gained on the ground was 125 yards more than any team has rushed on Texas in Royal's 15 years there.

All of this came against a Texas defense that was thought to be as tough and quick as ever, particularly against the run. It was also a defense that had certainly looked at more Wishbone T than any other, like every day in practice. "This doesn't matter much when the other side has one of those Corvettes and a guy who knows when to pitch it," said Royal. The Corvette, of course, was Pruitt, a gifted athlete from Houston who thinks of himself as the



... doing fine Oklahoma, Oklahoma O.K.

new Warren McVea. He said goodbye to Texas for a stunning 216 yards on 20 carries, which figures out to almost 11 yards every time he put it in gear.

Pruitt, who went to Oklahoma as a split end and didn't make the switch to halfback until midseason a year ago, was clearly the major difference in the two teams. Even when Texas had defenders waiting for him at the corners, Pruitt often zipped around them after taking the pitch from Sooner Quarterback Jack Mildren, who finally has an offense to suit his ability. Pruitt burned Texas with such journeys as 46 yards, 34 yards, 20, 17, 12, 10, and assorted fives and fours—and he looked each time like he might be going as far as the AstroTurf would stretch.

Through most of the first half it seemed that the final score might be 62-59 in

favor of whichever team wound up with the ball last. Nobody could stop anybody. Both Royal and Oklahoma Coach Chuck Fairbanks were getting Wishboned to death, and the fans might have been watching a tennis match, the way their heads were turning. The dizzy thing began like this: Texas pounced on a fumble and went 44 yards for a 7-0 lead. Well. Same old Texas. But Oklahoma quickly drove 69 yards and scored. Hmmm. A new Oklahoma. And then Texas quickly drove 80 yards and scored and it was 14-7. Yep. Same old Texas. But then Oklahoma just as quickly drove 69 yards and scored and it was tied again. Hmmm. Definitely a new Oklahoma.

This was all still in the first quarter of the game, and as Royal said on the sideline, "Everybody looks like they're running downhill out there."

One of the basic weapons of the Wishbone option offense is the late pitch to the trailing halfback. When the quarterback keeps the ball and turns upfield—or downhill—he always has a halfback trailing him, ready to take a lateral. When that back happens to be someone like Greg Pruitt, the enemy corners are in real danger.

Against Texas, Mildren worked the pitch to Pruitt with perfection, occasionally after he had already gained five or 10 yards himself. The Texas defense would finally swarm in on Mildren but, oops, out would go the ball to the streaking Corvette. Pruitt scored the first and third Oklahoma touchdowns on excursions such as that from short yardage but his next one (his eighth in four games) might have been the one that crippled Texas for good.

Not long into the second quarter the pattern of the game changed. With Oklahoma leading 21-14, it was Texas' turn to score but Texas fumbled instead on its 24-yard line and Oklahoma recovered. By now Pruitt already had gained more than 100 yards and Texas had stationed just about everybody but L.B.J., who was among the usual 73,000 in the Cotton Bowl, out there on the flanks to stop him. So Mildren faked a counter play and sent Pruitt bursting over right guard. Inside.

Pruitt sprang clean at the line of scrimmage and was suddenly confronted by Alan Lowry, Texas' best defender in the

continued



Proitt made most of his savage gains (below), but when Texas stacked everyone but L.B.J. on the flanks he showed he could rip the middle.





Never a noted passer, Oklahoma's Jack Milden has become a perfect Wishbone operator, running well against Texas when not flipping to Pruitt.

WISHBONE WAR *continued*

secondary. Pruitt simply dipped his head-gear one way and sent his feet the other, cutting sharply to the right. Lowry didn't come within five yards of him, and Pruitt flashed 20 lonely yards for the touch-down that made it 28-14. Up in the press box Texas Publicist Jones Ramsey said, "I think that move gave me a head cold."

Asked later about his nifty little dance step, Pruitt said, "It was just something that came to me in midrun."

Texas had the alibi that it was a fairly damaged team physically even before the game started. Quarterback Eddie Phillips was still slowed by an injured hamstring and was not supposed to play. Phillips would not have played, in fact, if Donnie Wigginton, his backup, had not been injured in the third quarter. Even so, Eddie was slow, hardly himself.

But Oklahoma was not at full strength either. Joe Wylie, the other halfback, who is almost as effective as Pruitt,

did not play. And Oklahoma lost Raymond Hamilton, its best defender, in the first quarter. It was a standoff on the alibi, therefore. What the injury to Wigginton did, however, was spoil a pretty good fairy tale had he stayed in the game and kept up what he had been doing. Like running for two touchdowns, of five and 44 yards, and keeping Texas in the track meet.

Wigginton is a little guy who hung around to play for a fifth year, even though he's married, his wife is expecting. Phillips was ahead of him at quarterback and West Texas State offered him a coaching job last spring in the hope he would help the team install the Wishbone T.

Until a couple of weeks ago against Texas Tech, when he got his first chance to start and led the Longhorns to a 28-0 victory, the biggest thrill in Donnie Wigginton's football career had come two seasons ago when he reached up and caught a high snapback and then placed the ball down for Happy Feller to kick the extra point that beat Arkansas 15-14 in that season's game of the century.

But it was Wigginton who managed to shove Texas back into the Oklahoma

When substitute Quarterback Donnie Wigginton took a 10 count, Texas was double dead.



game by driving the Longhorns 55 yards to the touchdown that narrowed the gap to 28-21. This was a big score, for it reminded Oklahoma that Texas could still move the ball. And even though the Sooners got a field goal just seconds before the half to make it 31-21, the second half was going to decide the game, because you knew the defenses figured to improve.

The game turned in Oklahoma's favor for good in the third quarter. The Longhorns got a big break when they recovered a Sooner fumble at the OU 24, but Texas couldn't score. An off-sides penalty was damaging, and then Wigginton got his ribs separated.

Oklahoma celebrated the stopping of Texas by driving methodically 80 yards for the touchdown that made it 38-21, removing most of the doubt. The Sooners did it with what was an unusual weapon for them—the pass.

Mildren hit his only toss of the day in the drive (he tried just two and the other was intercepted), and it was a beauty, a high 40-yarder to his old high school buddy from Abilene, Jon Harrison, who sld out of bounds at the Texas seven-yard line. On the next play Mildren ran the keeper and scored standing up. In that moment Jack Mildren, holding up the football in the end zone while cannons went off and the blare of Boomer Sooner echoed through downtown, must have felt true ecstasy.

This, after all, is the same Mildren who was the most wanted recruit in Texas in 1968 and who led a number of colleges a frenzied chase (SI, Sept. 9, 1968), before settling on Oklahoma.

For a season and a half, Mildren had been a big disappointment. Chuck Fairbanks was trying to run the I formation and a form of the Veer, and Mildren simply didn't throw well enough. Just before the Texas game a year ago, however, Fairbanks switched to the Washbone, which would allow Mildren to use his best tools, his running and his savvy.

Although the Sooners lost that game 41-9, Fairbanks was encouraged. He had found the offense he wanted. The next thing he found was Pruitt, who would become a halfback. The Sooners won five of their last seven regular-season games and wound up 7-4-1—and they were still learning the attack.

"We know it now," said Mildren. "It comes natural for us. If I do my job

right, and read the option right, we can move it on anybody. And what makes us different from Texas is our speed. They mainly have power, but we've got the jets."

The lead jet, Greg Pruitt, now has 629 yards in four games, and Oklahoma is averaging well over 400 yards Washboning it. The Sooners also are averaging 41.5 points a game, and Chuck Fairbanks has whipped both USC and Texas with shocking ease.

What this adds up to is quite a football team, maybe the fastest in the land, and a serious contender for the

national title that Mildren has been yearning for. There are still two big problems, Colorado, which is this Saturday, and Nebraska, which comes on Thanksgiving Day.

"I wish I had time to relish beating Texas," said the mild, good-natured Chuck Fairbanks. "It's been a long wait, and I always said if we ever found out how to do it, I'd bottle it and sell it. But we've got Big Eight problems now."

Darrell Royal said, "Maybe not. They're the best team we've played in years, and if they can keep that Corvette running. . . ."

END

Chuck Fairbanks gets a victory ride, about the only time Oklahoma went to the air all day.





HE WAS MORE LIKE A REGIMENT

Stan Smith, although only a Pfc., brought a lot of heavy artillery to bear against those two tenacious Rumanians, Ilie Nastase and Ion Tiriac, to lead the U.S. Davis Cup team to victory in North Carolina **by GWILYM BROWN**

Stated simply, in the tennis record books, the result achieved at the Davis Cup Challenge Round in Charlotte, N.C. last week was that for the fourth consecutive year the U.S. had scored an emphatic victory, this time over Rumania. But seldom has a journey to the inevitable been so strewn with menacing entrapments. Until towering Stan Smith, the Army Pfc. who won the recent U.S. Open championship at Forest Hills with his big guns, beat Rumania's brooding, shaggy-haired Ion Tiriac 8-6, 6-3, 6-0 on Sunday and clinched the U.S. defense of the cup, the foregone conclusion was forced to survive an unfriendly playing surface, dark-horse candidates, untried youth, squelching rain and even the gloom of night. The events in Charlotte marked the last time the Davis Cup—now entering its eighth decade—

will be held in its present king-of-the-castle format, but the old familiar shape went out with an ear-popping bang.

Next year the competition will take the form of a full-scale elimination tournament in which every Davis Cup nation, including the defender, will have to get in there and slug it out in the qualifying rounds for the right to play in the final. The new system may well succeed in ending the total domination that the U.S. and Australia have enjoyed in the Davis Cup matches since 1936—the last year in which somebody else (Great Britain, on that occasion) managed to win the Challenge Round.

But that is for next year. A few weeks ago the Rumanians, who lost to the U.S. 5-0 in the 1969 Challenge Round, suddenly had visions of themselves as being able to finally break this chain of Yank-

Ausme successes. The reason was only partly due to the fact that Arthur Ashe and Bob Lutz—veterans of Davis Cup play—had become contract professionals and were therefore ineligible. It was chiefly because the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, in what seemed to be an extraordinary sporting gesture, had chosen a venue where the playing surface would be clay—a substance as familiar to the Rumanians as a glass of *Tsuzza*—instead of the usual vigorously huffed cement that brings aid and comfort to the big serve, volley and smash game at which the Americans excel.

The court, made of blue-gray composition clay called Hartru, is in the Julian Clark Stadium, a \$150,000 structure seating 6,200 spectators that must be rated just behind Forest Hills as one of the finest tennis tournament facilities in

In opening match against Nastase, Smith played a forcing game, won in straight sets.

America. As U.S. Team Captain Ed Turville pointed out, the slower clay surface produces a totally different kind of game than that seen on fast grass or cement, one that creates longer rallies and a wider variety of shots. "There's no doubt that people would much rather watch tennis played on clay," said Turville, a fatherly, good-natured lawyer from St. Petersburg, Fla. "It's really the game at its best."

The Romanian team, Tiriac and wifish Ilie Nastase, were more delighted at the choice of a clay surface than any spectator was likely to be. Clay is what they play on at home and around Europe and is what best suits their dogged ability to retrieve and their assortment of topspin drives, chops and lobbs.

Nastase, Romania's No. 1 player, was also pleased and surprised when Turville decided to enter Frank Froehling in the singles in place of Clark Graebner, who has beaten him in five of their six meetings. "Every time I walk out on a court with Graebner I am seared," he admitted. Froehling, 29 and once ranked No. 2 in the U.S., married in 1965, dropped out of big-time tennis and settled down behind a desk in Fort Lauderdale to work as a stockbroker. Now divorced, he got the itch to play full time again and has made a successful comeback this year, earning about \$30,000 on the tennis circuit to date. Wearing a white tennis hat on his head that, along with his skinny 6' 5" height, helped create the illusion of a white-feathered flamingo on the court, Froehling seemed to have reached a very high peak in practice, beating Graebner in eight of the 10 sets they played. So Turville picked him to help Smith.

The day before the announcement was officially made, Graebner, already apprised of this decision, sat in the stands watching the two Romanians charge through their final hard practice session and assessed the situation.

"What they should hope for is that the draw puts Nastase up against Smith in the opening singles match," he said. "Nastase can beat Stan here, and if he does, it will be all over for us. Tiriac will be so charged up no one could stop him. You've also got to favor Tiriac and Nastase in the doubles for another point. But if Stan wins, it will probably

go the other way. In fact, you could almost say that the entire Challenge Round would hinge on such a match."

Graebner's game may not have been sharp enough to earn a place in the starting lineup, but there was nothing wrong with his theory. Smith did meet Nastase in the opening singles; Smith beat Nastase, and the Romanians never caught up. Nastase could not have been more thoroughly defeated had the match taken place on an ice-skating rink instead of the slow surface he is supposed to love. Smith shot home only one service ace (in the seventh game of the second set), but he charged to the net behind a spin serve that was kicking high to the Romanian's backhand, and then earned a steady flow of winners with some deft volleying, quickly running off the first five games. But then Nastase bounced back to win the next five when Smith's first service suffered a brief lapse, and he froze the gangling American at the net with a string of zippy passing shots. Smith finally won the first set 7-5 after 47 minutes, breaking Nastase's serve when the Romanian butchered three backhand volleys. After that, 47 minutes was all Smith needed to race through the two closing sets, which he won by scores of 6-3 and 6-1.

Tiriac, with a newly acquired black mustache, his mane of black curls, his massively sized head, his rounded shoulders, resembles something cut from a herd of bison. For a while in his first day's singles match against Froehling, it appeared that the bison was going to horribly gore the big white bird. In just under an hour he won the first two sets by 6-3 and 6-1.

"Frank was just extremely nervous, which happens to a lot of players in the Davis Cup," said U.S. Coach Dennis Ralston later. "He wasn't moving his feet, he had no bounce. He was shuffling his shoulders to meet Tiriac's shots, but not his feet. That's a sure sign of nerves. There's nothing to do but play out of it." Which is precisely what Froehling did, playing out of it in one of the most dramatic comebacks in the 71-year history of the Davis Cup.

"He had been on the offense, me on the defense," said Froehling after the match. "So I started coming to the net to take the offense away from him."

He also kept Tiriac, who claims to be 32 but who has the weatherbeaten look of someone nearer 40, scurrying from

one deep corner to another. Tiriac began to tire, and where his game had been nearly flawless in the first two sets, it now began to unravel like frayed catgut. Froehling won the third set 6-1, taking the set point with a neatly executed cross-court backhand chip volley.

Six service aces (he rolled up 16 in all) helped Froehling capture the fourth set, but the set-winning point was an extraordinary shot that jolted the first-day crowd of 5,000 to its feet, arms raised and shouting. Tiriac had taken command at the net and now, after a long rally, he leaped high to apparently smash away an overhead volley. Froehling, leaping deep to his right, snaked out his racket and then whipped back a top-spin forehand that nosedived just beyond Tiriac's lunge. The momentum carried the American to a 5-2 lead in the fifth and final set, but with the sun now vanished below the pines and the air turned chilly he lost concentration. Tiriac broke Froehling's service in the ninth game, stalled by demanding on several occasions that Referee Harry Hopman overrule linesmen's decisions, and with the score 6-6 and darkness closing in Hopman suspended play until the next day.

Froehling and Tiriac had fought for three hours and nine minutes to obtain this result, but it was all wrapped up in six minutes the following afternoon. Froehling held service, then broke Tiriac for the match by passing him at the net with a bulletlike forehand. So Froehling came through when he had to, but his final match—against Nastase—was both anticlimactic and a loser, 6-3, 6-1, 1-6, 6-4.

The U.S. doubles team of Smith and 20-year-old Erik Van Dillen lost on Saturday to Tiriac and Nastase, a pair that had been playing together for six years, finishing up just as a downpour drenched the area. It was only a temporary delay on the road to victory, however. Tiriac certainly seemed little cheered at the prospect of meeting Smith in singles on the next day.

Tiriac had a right to be apprehensive. After the sudden court had been fired by gasoline and fanned by helicopter to put it in shape on Sunday, Smith dominated the play. He closed out the match and gained the decisive third point with a delicate lob that floated just over Tiriac's head and squirted away to the rear wall. After all that had gone before, the end seemed effortless. **END**



Mr. Boston is a brand of booze popular in the city of the same name—there are over 100 labels, including Old Mr. Boston Vodka, Old Mr. Boston Apricot Flavored Brandy and Old Mr. Boston Canadian River—and if the old Boston Patriot fans had any spirit at all it was one of these. Suppose you were 2 and 12 and had no home. But the old order changeth. The Boston Patriots are now, by act of mimeograph, the New England Patriots, and have a new stadium in Foxboro, Mass. (pop. 14,231), a whole slew of new players—most notably Jim Plunkett—and, buoyed by a surprising 2-2 record, a new unalloyed and undistilled spirit.

In their opening game the Pats upset the Oakland Raiders 20-6, a feat that reverberates yet, like the shot at Lexington. Says Jim Colclough, an original Pat who watched from the stands, "It has to be the greatest win in Patriot history. There were all the elements of professionalism." The Pats then lost to Detroit 34-7 and to Baltimore 23-3, neither of which was the greatest loss in Patriot history, that being the 51-10 defeat by San Diego in the 1963 AFL title game.

Last Sunday the Pats, who had not beaten the Jets since 1965, upset them 20-0 as Plunkett threw touchdown passes to Randy Vataha and Ron Sellers and Jim Nance ran 50 yards for the final score. A crowd of some 55,000, who sat through a heavy downpour in Foxboro, gave the Pats a standing ovation at the final gun.

Some of this enthusiasm can be attributed to the opening of Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, midway between Boston and Providence, and named for the beer company that contributed \$1.4 million toward its construction. This is the first real home the Pats have had in their 12-year history, and season ticket sales have gone from 9,000 to 45,000 in the past 18 months. No wonder that Team President Billy Sullivan, who was thwarted in his attempts to build a stadium in Boston, now moves through the

After years of wandering homeless in and around the Greater Boston area, the Patriots (in the van, from left, Fullback Jim Nance, Linebacker Julius Adams, Linebacker Steve Kinnear, President Billy Sullivan, Halfback Bob Grier, Quarterback Jim Plunkett, General Manager Upton Bell) find a place in the sun.

THERE'S NO NEED TO PITY THE PATS

They are flushed with success—on the field, where they upset the Jets, and off, where the plumbing passed the test **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

crowd beaming like a bishop who has won the Cadillac in the diocese raffle.

Above and beyond (or rather, within) the stadium, the Pats show signs of life on the field, and for the first time in years both players and fans have hope. Since last February, the Patriots have had a new general manager, Upton Bell, a clever, forthright football freak who has rebuilt the team to the point where almost half the roster is new. Fans have even been heard to cry out "Bell for mayor!" (presumably Boston, not Foxboro), and, when Bell steps out of his car before a game, he is besieged by kids wanting his autograph. One expects Peter Lawford to line up at halfback, and a closeup of June Allyson in the stands.

On top of all this the team has a certain flair. Leo Mosahan, a Boston sportswriter, says, "Something is always going on with the Pats." More often than not, the things have been, uh, unusual. Who else but the Patriots could have existed for 11 years without a front-office switchboard? And when one was installed last spring, it blew up three days later. Who else but the Patriots could have an office assistant named John Birch who happens to live, pat coincidence, in Belmont, Mass., the home town of the society? Who else but the Patriots, shades of Bob and Ray, who got started in Boston, would have an assistant PR man named Wally Carew?

Before the Pats became another coldly efficient Super Bowl team, it is worth taking a backward glance at the bad old days. Jon Morris, the All-Pro center, once told a friend he did not go to the corner grocery because he wanted to stay hidden in his house. Says Fullback Nance, "It was so unreal no one would ever believe it. If I wrote a book, theoretically it would be a bestseller. But then it wouldn't be, because no one would believe what was in it."

Up until this year the Pats were improper Bostonians, a bedraggled band of gypsies who roamed the Hub as though under a curse never to find a home. Unwelcome tenants at Fenway Park, Boston University's Nickerson Field, Boston College's Alumni Stadium and Harvard Stadium, they once played a home game in Birmingham, Ala., which was trying to get the franchise. At times, the Pats even had difficulty finding a practice field. When they managed to get permission to use a public school field in East Boston, local politicians accused them of depriving the kids of a playground. It was almost impossible to view game movies there during the week, the films being shown under the stands, where the players sat on milk cases. Since there were not enough cases to go around, there was a scramble to get under the stands first. The player who got there last not only had to stand but to hang the bed sheet used as a screen. The front office never missed a payroll, but economy was the rule. Once when the Pats flew to Buffalo, the players were told to sleep on top of the bedspreads in the motel or get fined. The team was to get a cut rate if the players did not dirty the sheets.

The Pats were one of the original teams of the American Football League. Lou Saban, the first coach, ran 300 players through the 1960 camp. "Saban would put up a list of cuts in the dorm," says Gino Cappelletti, the last of the original Pats, who retired this year. "He didn't have time to tell everybody personally, and after every practice we'd run like hell for the dorm to see if we got cut. A lot of guys who were cut stuck around a few days, eating three square meals and sleeping there."

Mike Holovak replaced Saban, and in 1963 the Pats actually got into the AFL championship game, the one in which they were trounced by the Chicago

continued

ers. Holovak was able to produce a kind of dock wallopier's spirit in the team, but the spirit faded as the flesh aged, and few replacements were forthcoming; in his other role, as general manager, Holovak did not believe in bonuses or no-cut contracts. The scouting was ludicrous. The chief scout was Ed McKeever, the old Notre Dame coach, who lived down in the bayout, and every year on his recommendation the Pats loaded up on players from obscure Southeastern schools. McKeever's scouting reports consisted in part of circled faces in college programs that he mailed to Boston, and the Pats supplemented their late-round draft choices with players from such powerhouses as Tufts and Bowdoin. Excluding the draft to stock the franchises, the Patriots did not pick a player from the West Coast until 1969. (Incidentally, one of the original selections was Ron Mix, seven years an All-Star with San Diego; he was traded for an "unnamed player" whose name was Tom Greene.) When Holovak left, a lot of the Pats' records and papers disappeared, too, creating a sizable gap for future historians. The word around the Pats' office is that Holovak had all the stuff stored in the trunk of his car.

In 1969 Clive Rush became coach. His first press conference was literally electrifying. As Rush grabbed the mike, a live wire sent a charge through him that made his hair stand on end, and he almost toppled over backward. "It was a shocking start," says Leo Monahan.

Convinced that opponents were eavesdropping, Rush endeavored to confuse them by announcing in a loud voice in the locker room, "Nance, you're playing end. Sellers, you're the tackle," all the while vigorously shaking his head "no" at the baffled players. Once, when the Pats were returning to their hotel from the Houston Astrodome, Rush complained to the driver about the roundabout route. "You don't know who you have on this bus!" he exclaimed. "We can go any route we want!" With that, he ordered the driver to stop, got out, halted traffic and airily waved the bus down a one-way street the wrong way.

Another choice morsel of Patsiana concerns Bob Gladieux, cut by Rush the Thursday before the opening game of the 1970 season. Just for the heck of it, Gladieux decided to attend the game with a friend who had a ticket. Gladieux told his friend he would join him

after he talked his way in. No sooner had Gladieux passed through the gate than the P.A. boomed: "Will Bob Gladieux please report to the locker room." "What did I do wrong now?" Gladieux wondered. The message was repeated, and Gladieux finally decided to respond, but his pal, who was working on a couple of beers, failed to hear either announcement. As Gladieux walked in the locker room, Rush yelled, "Get dressed. You're activated." With only a few minutes remaining before game time, Gladieux put on a uniform and raced onto the field to join the kickoff team. "Later the guys told me how white I looked," he recalls. "I was in no shape to play. I'd been out ever since I'd got cut." Still, Gladieux made the tackle. With the announcement, "Tackle by Gladieux," his friend in the stands, half in the bag by now, almost fell off his seat. He thought he had lost a week in time.

During the 1970 season the Pats released Rush and replaced him with an assistant, John Mazur, a Notre Dame quarterback under Frank Leahy. Says Mazur, who is head coach this year, "The best thing about history is that it's past. You can only learn from it."

The man responsible for the Pats' future is Upton Bell, 33, who had served as director of player personnel for the Colts. His late father, Bert, owned the Eagles and was NFL commissioner before Pete Rozelle. "From the time I was six, my father was taking me to bars," says Bell. "I spent more time around adults than I did kids. We'd be out until two in the morning talking to owners, officials, players. My father got the owners to agree to the draft by not drinking for three days." After leaving college, Bell got a job as an errand boy for the Colts. Later, he did the drafting for Baltimore, and the first thing he did upon joining the Pats was to beef up the front office. (The New England press guide proudly features photographs of the 11 girls who comprise "the talented secretarial force.") The office, however, is still at Fenway Park. Says Bell: "This franchise has been in left field for a long time—both literally and figuratively."

Bell hired Peter Hadhazy as his assistant. Formerly with the NFL office, Hadhazy knows all the technicalities and rules of the league. Rommie Loud, a former Patriot linebacker, was named director of pro personnel ("Trades are just as important as drafting," says Bell),

and Bucko Kilroy, from Dallas, was put in charge of college scouting and given five full-time assistants. Bell also made the Pats a member of the CEPO scouting combine. Before the season began, Bell ran 180 players through camp, and, between signing free agents, trading and watching the waiver list, he not only improved the Pats immensely but lowered their average age from 28 to 25. "I want to get youth and let them make their mistakes," he says. "It'll pay off." Among the new faces are Linebacker Steve Kner from the Cowboys, Cornerback and Receiver Ron Gartin from the Colts and Vataha, a 5' 10" wide receiver from Stanford. Vataha, who once worked a summer at Disneyland as Bashful the Dwarf ("Actually I was the biggest dwarf they had. I used to stoop over a lot"), is a crowd favorite not only because of his size but because he can anticipate what his old teammate Plunkett will do when in trouble.

In keeping with Pat tradition, Bell has had a few bizarre experiences of his own. Joe Kapp refused to sign the standard player contract and was ordered out of camp by Rozelle. (More recently, the Joe Kapp Peanut Gallery, a Vancouver bar, had contract problems when it balked at hiring union help.) Phil Olsen, the first-round draft choice in 1970, skipped off to the Rams on an overlooked technicality in his contract. "I goofed," Bell admits. Rozelle awarded the Pats the Rams' No. 1 draft choice and additional compensation to be named later. However, Bell snatched a high draft choice from the Chiefs when he claimed Guard Mo Moorman on injured waivers (Bell then gave him back), and he landed a fifth-round pick when the Raiders tried to sneak rookie Center Warren Kuegel through waivers.

Bell was in the stands in Memphis last month when the Pats played a night exhibition against the Jets. To his horror, both teams showed up wearing white shirts and white helmets, and resembled 22 moths fluttering under the lights. In the confusion, Plunkett drilled a perfect pass into the arms of a Jet linebacker standing in splendid isolation.

There was more confusion when Schaefer Stadium opened. A horrendous traffic jam ensued, and some fans could not get to within five miles of the game. Bell climbed up on the roof where he saw so many lights that, "I felt like Nero." Then Foxboro officials threat-

continued

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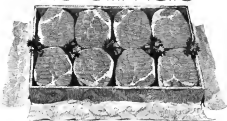
ened to close the stadium for an exhibition with the Falcons since the toilets did not work properly because of insufficient water pressure. Workmen were rushed in, and 16 hours before game time a task force of 320 people, including Billy Sullivan, gathered to flush the 640 toilets in the stadium. (A number of fans had called the Pats, volunteering to lend a hand in what became known as Superflush.) To the timed countdown of one, two, three, all 640 toilets were flushed. This represented the absolute maximum halftime peak use. Most of the toilets were flushed with success, and the Pats got permission to play. Jack Nicholson, Pat PR man, took the Schaefer statue in stride. "Pat memorabilia," he says.

Schaefer Stadium, built in just under a year for only \$6.2 million, has clean lines, and there is not a bad seat in the house. The players revere it. On the night of their first exhibition they went into raptures over the carpeting in the locker room and, thus inspired, went out and beat the Giants. The fans went crazy. Three of these manic fans have their own Boston radio show, Sports Huddle, and they called up New York funeral homes to see if they wanted the body of the Giants. "They're dead, you know." (Previously the Sports Huddle gang had called London to see if the Pats could get some guards for the offensive line from Buckingham Palace.)

With the new stadium, new players, new front office and new fans, the Pats are exultant. "For the first time I feel like I'm in the big leagues," says Jon Morris. "I never thought of myself in those terms until this year. We were the laughingstock of the league. Before, we'd get behind, then fold our tents and watch the clock run out. No more." To which Nance adds, "No one's messing with our heads now. We don't have to worry about all that peeyone stuff that blows your mind. We can relax and do nothing but play football."

On the Pats, Plunkett is the big man, but he is still learning, and once in a while he will call a Stanford formation—such as "green right" instead of the Pats' "split right"—as Vataha breaks from the huddle while the rest of the team stares. Once Plunkett audibled a play that was impossible to run from the formation the team was at; it went for no gain. But Morris is serene. "Jim's not a rookie quarterback," he says. "He's a quarterback, our quarterback." **END**

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HOCKEY IS HERE WITH DOLLARS UP AND FISTS DOWN

Players are richer—and becoming more civilized under new antibrawl rules **by MARK MULVOY**



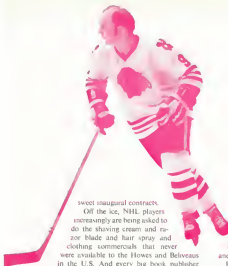
As hockey begins a new and lucrative season, it is quite understandable why Gordie Howe and Jean Beliveau both retired with tears in their eyes. They dominated the game during the 1950s and '60s, but until very recently their salaries were microscopic compared to those paid the superstars in other sports. Howe and Beliveau never made more than \$40,000 a year, including all bonuses, until they reached their late 30s.

Then came Bobby Orr with his lawyer, expansion into six and later seven top markets in the United States and a network television contract. Madison Avenue, naturally, followed right behind. Now, while Howe and Beliveau only move pucks as paperweights on desks in the corporate suites of the Detroit Red Wings and the Montreal Canadiens, National Hockey League players everywhere—from A for Syl Apps Jr. to Z for Rod Zaine—are entering an age of affluence.

Orr, the 23-year-old nerve center of all hockey, has signed a five-year contract with the Boston Bruins that guarantees him a minimum of \$1 million, and Bobby's commercial ventures should more than double his \$200,000 salary per year from the Bruins. Phil Esposito, Boston's amazing goal-scorer (76), was rewarded with a four-year contract for more than \$500,000. "When I left the Soo [Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario] to play junior hockey, I never dreamed that someday it would be like this," Esposito says. "I just hoped to have a nice house and a small bank account when I retired."

Bobby Hull of the Chicago Black Hawks and Tim Horton of the Pittsburgh Penguins also will be paid more than \$100,000 this season. Chicago's Stan Mikita, Montreal's Frank Mahovlich, Toronto's Dave Keon and St. Louis' Carl Brewer will pay taxes on more than \$80,000, and such recent sensations as St. Louis' Garry Unger and Boston's Derek Sanderson will earn almost \$70,000. Indeed, the NHL's average base salary will be more than \$30,000, with another \$3,000 tacked on in fringe benefits. Prized rookies such as Guy Lafleur of Montreal, Marcel Dionne of Detroit and Jocelyn Guevremont of Vancouver demanded—and received—bonuses of at least \$25,000 when they negotiated their





sweet inaugural contracts.

Off the ice, NHL players increasingly are being asked to do the shaving cream and razor blade and hair spray and clothing commercials that never were available to the Howes and Beliveaus in the U.S. And every big book publisher wants a hockey volume on his shelves. One picture book, *Orr on Ice*, has sold a stunning 60,000 copies for Prentice-Hall. Nor need one be an Orr to, well, mine the publishing business. Bill Goldsworthy of the Minnesota North Stars, for example, has written a book called *The Gordy Shuffle*, whatever that is.

So intense is the hockey heat that plans are moving forward for another "big" league. Gary Davidson and Dennis Murphy, two Californians who helped launch the American Basketball Association, hope to have a group called the World Hockey Association in operation next year. Ten cities—New York, Chicago, Miami, St. Paul, Milwaukee, San Francisco and Los Angeles in the U.S., Edmonton, Calgary and Winnipeg in Canada—reportedly have produced well-heeled potential club owners. If the WHA does get going, it surely will have to raid the NHL for talent. "I'm certain my \$40,000 salary would double or triple overnight," says one NHL goaltender.

While club owners shudder at that prospect, they have been doing O.K., too: net receipts increased \$4,211,070 last year as the league played to 88.73% of seating capacity. However, in confidential notes that found their way into a Montreal newspaper, NHL President Clarence Campbell warned the owners they must face up to two paramount problems: the search for parity between East and West and the need for more spectators in Los Angeles and Oakland. "Progress toward parity has been very scanty," Campbell said with perfect truth.

When the league expanded from six to 12 teams in 1967, Campbell told the owners they should not permit the trading of first-round selections in the amateur draft. Unfortunately for hockey, the owners rejected Campbell's plea, packaged their fringe players and traded them to the expansion clubs for first-round draft choices. Montreal

acquired the pro rights to the glittering young Guy Lafleur in just such a deal with the Seals. And that was just for openers: the Canadiens will have at least eight first-round choices in the next three drafts. Los Angeles and Oakland have a grand total of one each. Such shortsightedness will scarcely help the Kings

and the Seals acquire new hockey fans in California. But at least the owners have acceded to two other good moves proposed by Campbell. For years they have regarded those frequent mass riots on the ice as necessary entertainment for the spectators, no matter how much they cheapened the product. Campbell disagreed, and at last he has won his point.

This year the "third man" in a fight, the player who turns a simple one-on-one tussle into a major brawl, will be given a game-misconduct penalty. The second anti-brawl rule pertains to mass charges from the bench. Now the first identifiable player to leave his bench and join a fight on the ice will be given a game-misconduct penalty plus a five-minute major. Remember, five-minute majors must be served in their entirety, even if the team with the man advantage scores 10 goals.

The season offers one more significant new wrinkle: the league has junked the old 1-3, 2-4 match-ups in the first round of the Stanley Cup and instead will try a 1-4, 2-3 arrangement. This is to discourage any inclination to drop a position at season's end in order to draw a weaker cup opponent, as Minnesota was accused of doing last spring. After the first round, the winners of the two 1-4 series will cross divisional lines and play the winners of the 2-3 series.

So the game should be richer this season for everyone—players and fans alike. Will anybody be poorer? Well, don't be surprised if Montreal gains down Boston's irrgermen for first place in the East. Chicago, meanwhile, might win in the West by Christmas.

CONTINUED



THE EAST: HAB HEAVEN

Montreal's Habitués are behaving dynastically again as Boston seeks redemption for its cup debacle and New York tries to muscle its way in



To you from failing hands we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high.

And so Guy Lafleur, like Georges Vézina and Howie Morenz and Toe Blake and Rocket Richard and Jean Beliveau before him, arrives in **MONTREAL** to heed the locker-room commandment long ago borrowed from the poet John McCrae's *In Flanders Field*. Oh, those Canadiens! One day last June, Beliveau the Great announced his retirement; the very next day the Canadiens proclaimed that Lafleur, easily the most accomplished amateur player since Bobby Orr, was theirs.

With the addition of Lafleur, the arrival of the respected Scotty Bowman as coach and the season-long availability of Goulterier Ken Dryden (page 45), the Canadiens should displace the Boston Bruins as the East's best team. J. C. Tremblay and Jacques Laperrière anchor a stout defense, while 6' 5" Peter Mahovlich, who developed into something of a star last year, and Henri Richard provide depth and power at center, La-

fleur's position. Frank Mahovlich, Yvan Cournoyer and Jacques Lemare are tested goal scorers on the wings.

When the 20-year-old Lafleur reported to training camp at the Montreal Forum, the Canadiens assigned him the locker-room seat that Beliveau, his hero, had always occupied. Then they gave him as wings for his line not two rookies, as usually happens, but Frank Mahovlich and Cournoyer. "That's my No. 1 line," Bowman said. Later, after watching Lafleur's accurate passes and quick, deadly shots, Bowman made one more move: he installed Guy at right point on the power play.

"Lafleur has only one problem," Bowman says. "He is a little weak on face-offs." So Lafleur practiced face-offs 15 minutes a day and in his first game with the Canadiens he beat Boston's Phil Esposito on the opening draw, chased the puck into the corner and passed it out to Frank Mahovlich for an easy goal. Lafleur is by instinct a playmaker first and a goal scorer second. "He makes such perfect passes," says Mahovlich,

"that I hope he doesn't forget to shoot the puck himself sometimes."

Bowman, meanwhile, will stabilize the coaching position. Although Claude Ruel and Al MacNeil both coached the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup in the last three years, they never were able to satisfy the players, the people of Quebec and the French and English press simultaneously. Bowman, who was well schooled by the Montreal organization before he turned the St. Louis Blues into the model for expansion franchises in all sports, recognizes the dilemma.

"My job," he says, "is to keep harmony. I always had harmony in St. Louis, but it was different there. In St. Louis you had to use a lot of coaching tactics to win. Here in Montreal you win because you have the players." The only thing that worries Bowman about the Canadiens is their tendency to play careless defensive hockey at times. "They know Dryden won the Stanley Cup for them last year," he says, "but they can't take it for granted that he will stop every puck shot at him. He might—but no goalie ever has."

Dryden's name still is a no-no in **BOSTON**, which has not yet recovered from the shock—or tragedy, if you are a Hub man—of last spring when the Canadiens knocked the Bruins out of the Stanley Cup playoffs that they were supposed to win with ease. "Nobody remembers we were the best in the league during the season," Phil Esposito says. "Nobody remembers the 37 records we set. They just remember the Stanley Cup we didn't win."

The Boston management decided this summer that the Bruins better concentrate on defense and forget about adding new chapters to the record books. One could almost envision Esposito shadowing enemy forwards and Bobby Orr disdaining the rink-long rush. But then training camp started and, well, the Bruins were the same old Bruins.

"How can we change?" Esposito asked. "It's us." So Orr was rushing the puck as always, Esposito was firing away at goalies from everywhere but the balcony and the Bruins were either winning games 5-3 or losing them 7-4.

"We have to play that way," claims Derek Sanderson, who has added a beard to his mustache and mop and is sometimes called J. C. Superstar around Boston. "Let's face it. Without Orr and Esposito, we are just another hockey team."

If they don't do it for us, we're in trouble. And they do it by scoring or creating goals."

But it is unlikely that either can duplicate last year's extraordinary performances. It behooves the Bruins to tighten their defenses. If they do not, they conceivably could drop as low as fourth. (It was only two years ago that the Canadiens plunged from first to fifth.) Both New York and Toronto emphasize defense over offense, and both have fine goaltending.

The truth about **NEW YORK** should emerge quickly, for the Rangers face a testing early schedule. They play Montreal twice, Boston twice, Toronto and Chicago in the first six games, and if they win four or more New York's scalps are probably will be selling Stanley Cup tickets in October.

This is a critical season for the building program of Emile Francis, the coach and general manager of the Rangers. Last year New York had its best record ever, but still finished behind Boston. Since then Francis has traded away his captain, Bob Nevin, who had invited his coach's wrath by missing a practice skate before a cup game, for the veteran right wing and power-play specialist Bobby Rousseau. And he has called up Pierre Jarry, a young wing who led the Central Hockey League in scoring.

The Rangers seem solid throughout. Eddie Giacomin, who turned in a good cup performance for a change, and Gilles Villeneuve are fresh from winning the Vezina Trophy. Rod Seiling has emerged as the team's No. 1 defenseman, and if Brad Park recovers from a poor season, the New York defense could rival Montreal's. Up front all the Rangers' scorers are of about the same caliber—good but not great. If one, say new captain Vic Hadfield, could crash through with 40 goals, he just might take his team to the top.

For almost two months last year **TORONTO** was hockey's worst team, worse even than the expansion clubs. "I blamed only myself," said Coach John McLeish, who admits that he did not expect to survive Christmas. "The players were using my system, and it just wasn't working. When the system doesn't work, you get rid of the coach—not the players." Jim Gregory, the Leafs' shrewd general manager, did neither. Instead, he acquired two players—crusty old Defenseman Bob Baun, whom the

Leafs had lost in the 1967 expansion draft, and a sharp young goaltender, Bernie Parent.

Baun stended Toronto's kiddie-korps defensesmen, while Parent, who had patterned his style after Jacques Plante, combined with Plante to provide consistently strong work in goal. The result was impressive: the Leafs stopped plugging.

Four Leafs—Dave Keon, Ron Ellis, Paul Henderson and Norm Ullman—scored more than half the team's goals. If they are hot again, if Baun's legs hold up and if Parent and Plante stay sharp, even Punch Imlach might wish he was back in Toronto.

With strong teams to fight for the play-off positions, what can the rest do? Well, Detroit, Vancouver and Buffalo might have a rousing battle for fifth, or if all prefer a shot at the No. 1 draft choice, for seventh. There is no real advantage to finishing sixth; one of the also-rans has beaten you; the other gets a better draft number.

General Manager Ned Harkness cleared house in **DETROIT** faster than you can say Gordie Howe, who has become one of the Wings' vice-presidents. There are only three players left from the roster Harkness inherited a year ago, one good one being Alex Delvecchio, who will be playing his 21st—and final—season.

The Wings have three new goalies, a so-called French line centered by little Marcel Dionne, whom they drafted after Montreal selected Lafleur, a Blue line composed of Red Berenson, Ab McDonald and Tim Ecclestone, all former St. Louis Blues, and hopefully some of the rah-rah spirit that stamped Harkness when he was coach at Cornell.

Punch Imlach of **BUFFALO** has posted a **BEAT TORONTO** sign over his desk, but that day is far away. Nevertheless, the Sabres have improved. Gilbert Perreault, rookie of the year with 38 goals, should be even better in his second season. "I proved I can do it on offense," he says. "Now I will improve on defense."

Goalie Roger Crozier spent the summer having doctors remove his gall bladder and appendix and work on his pancreas. "I feel fine now," says Crozier, who has been among the best goalies in the league when healthy. He teams with Dave Dryden, the older brother of you know who.

There will be a new gunner in the Buffalo lineup, Rick Martin—or as he was

known in Montreal last season when he scored 71 goals for the Junior Canadiens, Rec-char Mah-tan. "If Martin comes through like Perreault did, I'll have the most exciting team in hockey," Imlach says. But Buffalo's weak defense may make the opposition look like the most exciting team in hockey every night.

Unlike Buffalo, **VANCOUVER** has a determined defense but practically no offense except for Rosaire Pienement, who scored 34 goals last season and was one of the most discussed players in trade talks all summer. Dale Tallon, 21, broke Orr's scoring records for rookie defensesmen, and now the Canucks have drafted another defender with scoring potential, Jocelyn Guevremont.

"Jocelyn can shoot the puck four inches off the ice and put it two inches in-

ILLUSTRATION BY ED SOREL



THE RANGERS SEARCH FOR THEIR GRAIL

side the post," General Manager Bud Poile was saying one night at an exhibition game moments before Guevremont, another product of the Junior Canadiens, did exactly that. Unfortunately, most of the Vancouver forwards have to be in the goal mouth to put the puck in. So the Canucks probably will finish seventh. And then Poile may be able to draft the next Guy Lafleur.

CONTINUED

THE WEST: HAWK ROOST

Chicago is teaching the game to the new kids on the block, who would probably find it fun if they could just play it all by themselves

The news from **CHICAGO** is all up, though in its division there is hardly any up to go. Bobby Hull says he feels terrific. "Better than in several years." Stan Mikita says his back pains have practically disappeared, so he will not spend the season wrapped like a mummy or score the ridiculous total of only 24 goals. Pat Stapleton says his knees are just perfect, no problem. Defenseman Keith Magnuson says he has taken judo and karate lessons. Dennis Hull says he feels O.K. if his brother does. And Tony Esposito says the summer's pizza and ravioli and lasagna and fettuccini did not

after an absence of some five years.

Bobby Hull hasn't really been as ay—just his hair. For the sum of \$900 he has had 91 plugs of golden locks transplanted into his balding scalp by the same man who gave Frank Sinatra his hair. "It will take a month or so to grow in," says Bobby. "When it does I'll look like the old me again."

If somehow the Black Hawks fail to parlay Hull, hair, etc., into a divisional championship, the fault will lie with **MINNESOTA**. For once the North Stars seem solid enough to justify the hopes of their boisterous fans.



ST. LOUIS BLUES AFFLICT OWNERS SID JR., SID III AND COACH ABEL

get to him. He is ready to spread out in front of the goal wider than ever.

So that settles first place in the West. Even an All-Star squad assembled from the six other teams in the division could not beat the Black Hawks over 78 games. Coach Billy Reay's toughest job, aside from keeping Magnuson out of the penalty box at least some of the time, may be convincing the Hawks that they can take the Stanley Cup away from the Canadiens.

There will be only two significant changes in the lineup that carried the Hawks to the seventh game of the cup finals last May. Gary Smith has been brought in from California to replace injury-prone Gerry Desjardins as Tony Esposito's substitute. And the Golden Jet returns to the Black Hawk lineup

Ted Harris has become the anchor of what used to be an erratic defense. "We tried 28 different defensemen in our first four years," says Wren Blair, the general manager. "Now we think we have the ones we want." When circumstances suggest aggression, the Stars always call on Dennis O'Brien. He is not a graceful skater, but he throws a mean check. And Cesare Maniago probably is the most underrated goaltender in the NHL.

Minnesota's problem will be getting goals. When Jackie Gordon took over as coach last year, he preached defensive hockey so long and so loud that most of his forwards forgot how to score. The North Stars were the league's lowest-scoring team. Only the line of rookie Center Jude Drouin and Wings Danny

Grant and Bill Goldworthy was any kind of threat.

In an attempt to get more punch, Gordon has dropped Grant to the second line and traded for Bob Nevin and Dennis Hextall, both of whom scored more than 20 goals last season.

Now that Scotty Bowman has moved to Montreal as coach of the Canadiens, **ST. LOUIS** may discover how the haw-nots live in the West. Bowman was removed last spring after a row with the controlling Salomons, Sid Jr. and Sid III. The latter had demanded a louder voice in picking players. When Bowman, a master recruiter, trader and coach, insisted that he call things his own way, the Salomons fired him. Enter as coach Sid Abel, who was demoted by the Red Wings last January. Abel is known in St. Louis as Sid V. (There is a Sid IV. He is Sid III's son, age 10, and so far he has had no voice in player movements.)

The Blues' on-the-ice problems began in goal, a position where they were always strong in Bowman's days. Glenn Hall has retired—definitely, this time—and Ernie Wakely has succeeded him, with rookie Peter McDuffie and Jim McLeod in reserve.

If Carl Brewer plays all season and Jimmy Roberts does not exhaust himself skating 35 minutes a game, the defense at least will be respectable. But it may have to be more than that.

Except for Garry Unger, the Blues no longer have a dependable scorer. Gene Carr, a young man who resembles Unger, was the Blues' No. 1 draft choice. He will play regularly at center. While he was not a notable scorer even as a minor-leaguer at Elm Flon, he may develop in that regard. Abel and the Blues' very large body of fans devoutly hope so.

Meanwhile, hockey is booming in **PITTSBURGH**, even though the Penguins missed the playoffs a year ago. Four wealthy young Pennsylvanians have purchased the franchise, and the players no longer will wonder if their paychecks can also be used as basketballs. The new owners immediately signed Red Kelly to a five-year, \$250,000 contract as coach and general manager. Kelly, in turn, waved a \$100,000, one-year contract at 41-year-old defenseman Tim Horton and persuaded him not to retire to his donut shops in Ontario. All this spending has created vigorous enthusiasm at the

continued

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ticket wickets, so far season sales have increased 60% (to 5,000) and the Penguins should average more than 10,000 spectators per game.

But once again Kelly has little talent to work with. His clubs win games on close checking, hustle and luck; they lose because the other team is usually better. Last year, while compiling a record of 21-37-20 with a roster of rim kids and graying veterans, the Penguins were competitive in 77 of their 78 games until the late minutes. Their only lopsided loss was a 6-1 game with New York.

What talent Kelly had kept getting hurt. Bryan Watson broke his leg, Lowell MacDonald had two knee operations, Ken Schinkel broke his collarbone, rookie Greg Polis developed mononucleosis and Goalie Les Binkley hurt his knee.

"Things can only get better," Kelly says. They will. Horton will steady the defense. Syl Apps, Jean Pronovost and Polis form a young, productive line.

And all of last year's casualties are healthy again. Pittsburgh should make the playoffs.

Like most **PHILADELPHIA** teams, the Flyers are a mystery. New Coach Fred Shero still cannot believe how inept his defensemen are, particularly when one has the puck on his stick. "We've got to make some changes back there," he says. In one exhibition game, Shero stopped counting after the Flyers' defense passed the puck to the opposition for the eighth time in 10 minutes.

Besides the problem on defense, the Flyers may also have trouble in goal for the first time. Doug Favell, No. 1 now that Bernie Parent has been traded to Toronto, has a history of inconsistency, and for 10 years no one has been able to predict what Bruce Gamble, now the No. 2 Philly goalie, will do.

Since their first days the Flyers have needed an explosive scorer. They got one, Mike Walton, from Toronto in the

Parent deal, then immediately forwarded him to Boston. Very strange.

Both California teams face similar dilemmas. For one thing, there is the weather. How do you spend the day lounging about the pool or chasing a golf ball and then try to play a game on ice that night? For another, there is the travel. "We fly close to 100,000 miles a year," says Larry Regan, the coach and general manager of **LOS ANGELES**. "The teams back East travel 30,000 miles a year at the most."

Nevertheless, the Kings should show substantial improvement. The line of Mike Byers, Juha Widing and Bob Berry comes off a 77-goal season, and Wing Ross Lonsberry scored 25 as the Kings trailed only Chicago in the goal-scoring column. Rookie Al McDonough, who had a 35-goal season at Springfield, and experienced Ralph Backstrom, the former Canadian, were outstanding in training camp.

What ruined the Kings last year was a general defensive break down. The forwards rarely buckchecked, and the goaltending was porous. L.A. was the least-penalized team in the league, certainly not something to brag about. Now aging Harry Howell may stabilize the defense, and it is possible that rookie Gary Edwards will take the No. 1 goaltending job from Denis Delordy. "We'll be better," Regan promises.

Charles O. Finley may have had a baseball winner in **OAKLAND**, but has hockey team there—the California Golden Seals—will be the worst in the NHL. As always, Finley will operate from his Chicago insurance office. His new general manager, Garry Young, plans to work out of his home in Oshawa, Ontario, some 2,500 miles from Oakland. That leaves Freddy Glover in charge of things in California. A few weeks ago Finley hired Bernie (Booms Boom) Geoffrion to coach the Seals, then fired him eight hours later. Good luck to Glover.

The Seals do have one good hockey player—Defenseman Carol Vadnais. They need two new goaltenders, three defensemen and half a dozen forwards. So Finley will have to trade Vadnais, probably to New York or Boston, for some warmer bodies. Poor Finley. If the previous management had not traded California's No. 1 draft pick to Montreal for a few of the Canadiens' rejects, Charlie O. would have landed Guy Lafleur.

THE CALIFORNIA DILEMMA: TO BE HOT OR ICE OR THE BEACH?



CONTINUED



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DATSUN

FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

BANNED IN BOSTON, KNIGHTED IN MONTREAL

In storybook fashion, Canadian Ken Dryden alaw the Bruin baat and lived to alay another day. Here he tells of wondrous times

by JACK OLSEN

Ken Dryden, also known as "the Giraffe" and "the Monster," used to run around suburban Toronto wearing a Boston Bruins sweat shirt and an improvised goaltender's mask that looked like a miniature bird cage. "Where's that kid from, ma'am?" the milkman asked Dryden's mother one day. "Mars?"

No one has asked the question lately. Ken Dryden, "little" brother of Buffalo's goaltending Dave Dryden, was hailed out of the minor leagues late last hockey season to perform for the Montreal Canadiens. When the major league season was over, *Les Habitants* had won everything in hockey that really counts—the Stanley Cup—and Dryden had been named most valuable player in the playoffs. In a city that usually reserves its praise for men with names like Jean-Claude and Rogation and Michel, a distant descendant of poet John Dryden was king. As Montreal hockey writer Gilles Terroux wrote after the opening Stanley Cup series against the Boston Bruins: "*La victoire des Canadiens était signée de sa main*."

If, indeed, the victory was signed by Dryden's hand, it must have been his mitt hand. After one early game, Boston's Johnny (Pie) McKenzie said: "That hand of his is something else. We've caught him out of position at least a dozen times and shot for three-quarters of an empty net. Zap—that big mitt comes out of this air. Twice I've had my stick in the air and was break-

ing into my goal-scoring dance when he's done that." Phil Esposito, the superstitious Boston star who cringes at the sight of crossed hockey sticks and old ladies in black, claimed half seriously that Dryden was using voodoo against him, and converted many a Boston fan into a believer. The 6' 4" Dryden, playing at a lean 210 pounds, bounced up and down on the ice like a levitated spook and tormented the Bruins with prestidigitorial glove saves and ballerina kick saves that drew praise from such eminent goaltenders as Glenn Hall and Jacques Plante. The high level of his play continued through series wins over Minnesota's North Stars and finally over the Chicago Black Hawks in a torturous seven-game war that was decided on Chicago ice.

To many it seemed that Dryden had come out of nowhere to vex the other cup contenders, but in fact the Canadiens' front officers had been well aware of the 23-year-old goalie's ability from the beginning. They had hidden him away with the minor league Voyageurs, conveniently stationed in Montreal, and watched him combine good grades at McGill Law School with one of the lowest goals-against averages in the American Hockey League. Before that, Dryden had played goal for Canada's national team, and before that had made All-America three straight years at Cornell, losing only a handful of games in his entire college career. He was never a flash in the pan, although to many he must have seemed so.

In person, Dryden is not exactly the

continued



embodiment of the bold, supermasculine sports hero. He is shy and soft-spoken, gentle almost to excess. The intellectuality that he exudes is heightened by horn-rimmed glasses that he exchanges for contact lenses on the ice. His brown hair sprawls in anarchy about his head and is medium long, a la mode in professional sports. His face is framed in heavy pork-chop sideburns, and over the summer he grew a floppy brown mustache—since razored off. At times he is reminiscent of a young hirsute Alastair Sim playing the role of a kindly schoolmaster. His harshest epithet seems to be "Jeez Murphy," used only for extreme emphasis. He is not the sort of person who instills nervousness in his fellow man, at least until he puts on his skates, and a conversation with him can be a relaxing and rewarding experience.

Q. If you had to describe the last year of your life in one word, what would the word be?

A. Satisfying.

Q. *Satisfying?* You're the envy of every Canadian and millions of Americans and at least one sportswriter, and it's only *satisfying*?

A. Well, everything happened so fast; maybe I haven't assimilated the whole experience yet. Maybe I could call it *very* satisfying.

Q. That's better. Ken, you just finished the year of years. You just did what no hockey rookie ever did before, and the most puzzling thing is that you kept right on studying for your law degree as though you weren't even playing hockey against the toughest teams in the world.

A. Well, it's easy to overestimate the difficulties. In the first place, hockey is fun for me. It's not work to play hockey, even against the Boston Bruins or the Chicago Black Hawks. Law school is mostly memory work, and if I didn't do anything but study law I'd go nuts. I couldn't spend all my time in the library; I'm just not made that way. So when I found that I could do them both, study law and play hockey, I jumped at the chance.

Q. I realize that you're the original cool hand, but weren't you just a little nervous when the Montreal Canadiens called you up from the minor leagues toward the end of last season?

A. Well, maybe, but looking back on it I realize now that Coach Al MacNeil

handled the situation very wisely. I admit I was a little worried when he didn't even dress me for the first three games. I watched from the press box, and I felt like an idiot.

Q. Is that a comment about us sportswriters?

A. No, but what was the point of calling me up if it wasn't to play? After three games I went to Al and I said, "Hey, can't you at least dress me for the game, make me feel like a part of the team?"

Q. What did he say?

A. He didn't say anything. He just started me in the next game.

Q. At Pittsburgh?

A. Right, and it was a very intelligent move. First off, it relieved the pressure of breaking in at The Forum in front of the Montreal fans. Even at Pittsburgh I was nervous. My knees were jelly, my legs were shaking so hard I thought everybody in the place could see it. For the first time in my life I stayed nervous through a whole game.

Q. You won, right?

A. Yes, 5-1, but no great credit to me. Pittsburgh's not the toughest team in the league, and our players had a good night against them.

Q. That's something that has been commented on many times—the way a hockey team will play extra hard when it has a rookie goaltender in the net.

A. It's very true. They *will* play extra hard, because they feel that they have to—especially defensively. I stopped 35 or 36 shots that night, a good average game, nothing sensational. But it was better than breaking in at Montreal and giving up eight goals and being totally demoralized.

Q. As I recall, you played a couple more of what you would call "good average" games, and then the New York Rangers really socked it to you, or tried to.

A. Right. That was my first big test. It was the first game where my goaltending was a factor, the first game we might have lost if I hadn't done my job. In the earlier games all I had to do was avoid making any terrible mistakes and just be very very average. The game was in Madison Square Garden, and the Rangers played well. I wound up stopping 49 shots.

Q. And winning 6-2.

A. Yeah, on some good saves and some lucky ones. But the big thing as far as my personal development was concerned

was that each save bolstered my confidence, whether it was a smart save or a stupid one. I felt none of the nervousness that I had in the earlier games. And I came out of that game with more of a personal feeling that I belonged in the NHL, that I could play in the NHL. I said to myself, "Well, all right! Well, good!"

Q. It always puzzled me that Al MacNeil held you out of the two games against Boston in the last week of the season. He knew you were going to have to play Boston in the opening round of the Stanley Cup playoffs, and he knew Boston was the team to beat. So why not give you the experience?

A. I wondered, too, but later I found out that was part of Al's master plan for breaking me in. He said to me, "Don't worry about the fact that you're not starting against Boston. It doesn't have anything to do with who'll start the playoffs." You see, we didn't need to win those Boston games to get into the playoffs, and our guys were relaxing a little just then, and Al was afraid I'd go out and get bombed by Boston and lose my confidence. Our last game of the year was against Boston, and once again I watched from the press box. That was the night they scored their 399th goal of the season, a record for the NHL. **Q.** Beating the Bruins in the playoffs was one of the big upsets in recent sports history. What do you remember about it?

A. Very little. I can remember the series, but I can't put specific events into specific games. It's all a blur.

Q. Did you know that you went 90 consecutive minutes of playing time without allowing a goal?

A. You're kidding!

Q. No, you did. Phil Esposito scored on you at the 29-second mark of one game, and it was 90 minutes before any Bruin scored on you again, and then it was Bobby Orr on an impossible baseball-type shot from an impossible angle.

A. Yeah, I remember that shot. Bobby Orr does impossible things routinely.

Q. Did you have a personal plan against Boston?

A. I had all kinds of plans, and I had some very good advice. Our goalie, Reggie Vachon, took me aside before the opening of the series and he said, "Whenever the Bruins pass the puck in front of the net, take it for granted that it will wind up on Phil Esposito's stick

epic/round

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16 Donate it to any museum that has a vacant pedestal.



17 Stick it in a piano to achieve muted resonance.

18 Be the first on your block to say you have one.

19 Put sunglasses on it and take it to the beach.

20 Stick it in the closet and forget the whole thing.

21 Take it to the bank as collateral.

22 Makes an effective scratching post for your cat. If you have a cat.



23 Bang it on the radiator so the Super will send up more heat.

24 Use it to cover a worn spot in the rug.

25 Talk to it. (But don't expect an answer.)

26 Leave it on your desk and pretend you're top management.

27 Put a leash around its neck and take it for a walk every morning.



28 Claim it as a dependent on April 15th.

29 Use it for a hitching post for a small horse or a very large ant.

30 Wash with a damp cloth once a month.

31 Teach it to ride a bicycle.



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and it is already on its way to the goal. Don't bother studying the puck inch by inch; assume it is going to Espo and assume he is going to shoot. Be ready for him, anticipate him, move into him and you'll be ahead of the game."

Q. Phil's still running around telling people you put some kind of black magic on him, because you made so many miraculous stops.

A. Well, Roggy's advice helped, and our defense played very well. And anyway, Espo got three goals on me in seven games. Anybody but him would think that's a pretty good average. But then he is such a great player, it must have been a letdown for him.

Q. What was your approach to the rest of the Bruins?

A. Well, I didn't have any particular approach till after the first game. We lost 3-1, at the Boston Garden, but we could just as easily have won. It came to me in the dressing room: Joez Murphy, we lost, but we could have won! And I said to myself, "This is encouraging, this is exciting! We played well. It could have gone either way. We can win this thing."

Q. I think you were seriously disoriented. I don't understand where you got the courage even to go out on the ice against the Bruins. They were the highest-scoring team in hockey history, and everybody figured the Stanley Cup playoffs were just a formality.

A. I know it, but everybody was wrong. The Boston team isn't all strong. I mean, they're a good team, but so are the Canadiens, so are the Black Hawks, so are some of the others. Boston is a good team plus one great player, Phil Espo, and one unbelievable player, Bobby Orr.

Q. How did you handle Orr?

A. Well, nobody handles Orr in the ordinary sense. You don't try to nullify Orr, because you just can't. All you can do is cut down his effectiveness to some slight degree. We talked about forechecking him in his own end, but he is too good to be manhandled that way. If you put two men on him in his own end and really forecheck the heck out of him, he is gonna wind up beating those two guys and getting away from you. We just decided to relax on him up to our blue line, just token forecheck him, and then put the heavy pressure on him in our own end, favor his side and stay all over him. Strangely enough, Orr seemed to get into a shooting pat-

tern for the first three or four games, although I didn't really notice it until it was almost over.

Q. A shooting pattern?

A. Yeah. After three or four games, I looked back and realized that every shot that he took was low on the glove side, in the corner. It was uncanny. I'd almost be willing to bet that every shot he took in the first four games was low, about six inches off the ice, in the corner and on the glove side. In the fifth game he broke out of the pattern, and then he became more effective.

Q. What was the turning point of that Boston series?

A. Well, all the sportswriters seem to think it was the third period of the second game. We were behind 5-1 in the second period, and we scored five goals in the last period to win the game and even the series. But in my opinion the turning point came in the dressing room right after the first game. That was when we all seemed to realize that the Boston Bruins were just another hockey team. We talked it over and we agreed that except for Orr their team wasn't a bloody bit better than our team—that was the real turning point.

Q. How were your nerves during the Boston series?

A. They were fine until the last game. Of course, I was dreaming at night; I was making about a thousand saves a night. But I've always done that. Once at Cornell I lurched in my sleep and my roommate said, "Hey, Ken, nice save." It wasn't until the Boston series was tied at three games each that I got hit with a bad attack of nerves.

Q. Where were you?

A. We all were in our motel at Boston the night before the final game. I was watching television, calm as could be, when what do they put on but a show called *Brain Hi-Lies*. This was only the second time in my life I'd ever seen myself on television, and it shattered a lot of illusions. I look like a big stiff.

Q. No, you don't.

A. Well, I do to myself. What a sobering experience! I'd always thought of myself dipping and darting across the goal mouth with all the grace of a wood nymph, while violins played in the background and everybody in the stands went "ooh" and "ahh" at my performance. I thought of myself as Nureyev on ice. But on TV I realized that I was a dump truck. I was an elephant on wheels.

Q. And of course since the show was called *Brain Hi-Lies* all you saw was a bunch of Boston players bearing down on you.

A. Right! And scoring! Watching that show, you would have thought I never made a save in the whole series. It really demoralized me. Butterflies started swirling around in my stomach, and my legs felt like they wouldn't even carry me to the restaurant.

Q. What'd you do?

A. There was a little lake near the motel, and I went out there and thought pleasant thoughts.

Q. Ann-Margret doing the Dance of the Seven Veils?

A. No, nothing like that. I said to myself, "Look, you're only nervous because you're afraid, and what are you afraid of? Loving, and looking bad, right? Well, why should you lose and look bad? You've played six games against the Bruins now, and you haven't been looking bad. Things have been going well. Why should they change now? You've shown you can do the job. All you have left is one bloody game, and if you stay nervous you're gonna blow the bloody game."

Q. That solved your nervousness problem?

A. Nope. It didn't solve a thing. What solved my problem was the face-off at the beginning of the game. For some reason, all my nervousness ended when the game began. So my worrying had been for nothing.

Q. It usually is. You won the final game 4-2.

A. And the Canadiens won the game 4-2.

Q. And then you went up and beat the Minnesota North Stars in the second series, which was kind of predictable, and then you beat the Chicago Black Hawks, which was much less predictable?

A. The Black Hawks were trouble. They are a different team from Boston, and they present entirely different problems. Against the Bruins you don't worry if you let in a goal or two, because the Bruins are very offensive-minded. You know that in any game involving them there are gonna be a lot of goals for both teams. The best proof of that is the game where we got down 5-1 and won.

Q. You'd never do that against the Black Hawks.

A. Right. The Hawks have a few fine players—the Halls, Mikita, maybe one or two others—but essentially they are

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a balanced team at both ends. They don't present those waves of attackers like the Bruins, so that pressure is relieved, but in its place there is a steady kind of pressure that comes from knowing you don't dare give them a goal. A single goal becomes far more important. If you give them one, you're at a big disadvantage. If you give them two, you have a good chance of losing, and if you give them three, you're in really bad shape.

Q. Which makes it all the more amazing that you won the seventh game on Chicago ice after getting behind. When Danny O'Shea scored on you in the second period to make it 2-0 Chicago, I said to myself, "Bye-bye, Canadiens." Were you thinking similar thoughts?

A. Well, I wasn't saying "Bye-bye," but I was really discouraged.

Q. How did you manage to shut them out for the rest of the game?

A. Our whole team just pulled up its socks. I paid special attention to the Halls, but then you always have to do that. They had been responsible for Chicago's first goal: Bobby took a hard slap shot and Dennis knocked in the rebound. So I just kept telling myself to keep my eyes on the Halls and Mikita. The Halls can score on you from the red line in. And Mikita is so quick he moves like a greased snake. I gave those three a little bit of extra attention and it all worked out fine.

Q. You made 31 saves, you won the Conn Smythe Trophy for most valuable player, and you won a brand-new car. **A.** But we won something far more important. When we got back to Montreal, there were 7,000 people at Dorval Airport. It was really touching to see the way they swarmed over us. My phone didn't stop ringing for weeks.

Q. It didn't help that you had a listed telephone number.

A. No, it didn't. We'd get long-distance calls from people who got our number from information. There was a 10-year-old boy, I remember his name was Edward Breuer, who kept calling up and asking the most intelligent questions. After a while the phone just got to be too much for Linda and me to handle. We began answering and telling people that the Drydens were not at home. One day Edward called and without thinking I said, "Ken Dryden's gone for the summer." Later he told my wife, "I phoned a few minutes ago and your husband said he was gone for the summer."

Q. I've always wondered what it would be like to be idolized by a whole town.

A. Well, it's nice, but not all that nice. You appreciate it, because the people mean well, but after a while you become aware of certain phony aspects.

Q. What do you mean?

A. Well, for example, a guy'll come up to you and say, "You're the greatest!" And you realize, first of all, he's just plain incorrect, and secondly you know that he doesn't mean you're the greatest, anyway. It's just that you happen to be there at the time, and he thinks you're pretty good, and he wants to make an impression on you, so he upgrades the whole thing and says, "You're the greatest," even though he doesn't really mean it. Pretty soon you're overwhelmed with the silliness of things like that, and you just want to get away. The worst part of it is these people mean well. They like you, they admire you and they have your best interests at heart, but after a while it makes you tired of yourself and your sport. I went through about two weeks of hero worship in Canada, and it was almost enough to make me want to quit hockey.

Q. Then you went to Washington to work for Ralph Nader over the summer, and I'll bet things were different.

A. After a few weeks in Washington I began to regain my old love for hockey, and I began to miss Montreal. I used to call Montreal information just to hear the operator answer the phone in French and English.

Q. What did you do for Nader, and what did you learn?

A. I worked on a program to organize sport and commercial fishermen into a national arm to combat water pollution. What I learned was that there is a tremendous inertia in the people, and there are many many serious problems involving government and bureaucracy. I'm writing an article on the subject right now.

Q. Yes, I suppose that your writing keeps you from being bored when you're not studying law or playing hockey. A fellow has to fill in his free time.

A. Right.

Q. Do you think that you might go into some sort of public service after you get your law degree?

A. I hope so, but I also hope I can stay involved in public service in the meantime. Of course, I don't intend to quit

hockey for a long time. At least until hockey quits me.

Q. Does goaltending offer enough of an intellectual challenge to you? I mean, a guy who's worked for Ralph Nader might get a little bored trying to stop Bobby Orr's slap shot.

A. It's anything but boring. It's a constant challenge. Even when you have stopped Bobby Orr in one situation, the game's patterns are constantly changing. You never meet exactly the same challenge twice, and so everything is always new and interesting. Boredom is never a problem when you are tending goal.

Q. I think you'd have to be bananas to become a goaltender. It's too dangerous, for one thing. You must be a masochist at heart.

A. But you don't realize the danger until it's too late, until you're already a goaltender for life. Goalies start playing goal when they are little kids. None of the other kids has a shot hard enough to hurt them, and the job is kind of enjoyable and relaxing. It isn't till you get a bit older that the puck begins to come in harder and it begins to hurt, but by that time you're a goaltender and it is too late to change. Deep down, though, I guess you play goal because you enjoy the challenges.

Q. Yeah, but the puck travels at 120 miles an hour in the NHL, and I would think you'd begin to wonder about your health and safety out there.

A. Well, once in a while I stop to think about it, and I say to myself, "Jeez Murphy, this job hurts. Why am I out here? It's not fun anymore. Why go through the whole bloody thing?" But then comes the reward: a stopped shot, an impossible save, a shutout, a Stanley Cup, and I have to say that I thoroughly enjoy my work.

Q. And you enjoy the money that comes with it?

A. Sure, money is nice, but nobody plays just for the money. You would have to be crazy. After you've satisfied your pride by getting the salary you think you deserve, then you tend to forget about money. The real motivating factor becomes the challenge of the job. A lot of athletes put on a superficial hardness about playing only for money, but if they were really honest with themselves, they'd find it is personal pride that motivates them, not the dollar.


Q. Your pride makes you challenge other men to prove that you are better?

continued

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HOCKEY *continued*

A. Something like that. It is like Sandy Koufax throwing his fastball to a great fastball hitter. There are psychological implications to challenging somebody and defeating him.

Q. Aren't you ever afraid out there?

A. No, but I would be if it weren't for the mask.

Q. Somebody told me a long time ago that it wasn't fear that made goalies wear masks, it was something more subtle and complex.

A. It's something very simple. It's fright.

Q. Nothing more?

A. Nothing more. That puck can flatten your face. Sometimes I get hit in the mask and it hurts even then. Dennis Hull shot a puck at me this year from about 25 feet out and it hit me in the chest. Oh, shoot, did it hurt! Then it bounced up and caught me on the chin and cut me for three stitches. That's how much momentum it had.

Q. Would you play without a mask?

A. I doubt it, and I think most of the goaltenders in the league feel the same. When Bernie Parent lost his mask at New York, he refused to play the game, and I would have done exactly the same thing. It is a sensible fear. Nobody in the league plays without a mask except Joe Daley and Gump Worsley, and they will be the last two, I'm sure.

Q. How would you describe your own style of goaltending?

A. Stand-up, I hope. When I get into trouble, it's usually when I'm off my feet. When you're six four and over 200 it takes a bit to get you back on your feet once you go down. I'm a little like a derailed train when I'm on the ice.

Q. Throwing modesty to the winds, what is your big strength?

A. Most people say my glove hand, but I have to guard against overusing it. I used to catch pucks right off the ice, but now I'm trying to block them with other tools of the trade. I used to do a lot of backhanding of the puck, but in the NHL you've got to watch that. You find that the puck is traveling too fast for you to get your hand around into the backhand position. I've learned that my best weapon—my glove hand—has to be used more intelligently in the NHL, and I have to develop the other aspects of goaltending: skates, pads, stick and the body.

Q. I suspect that you must be a good baseball player. What position do you play?

A. Shortstop.

Q. Bobby Orr's old position?

A. Right.

Q. How good were you?

A. I let a few go through my legs.

Q. Do you have any particular weaknesses in the news?

A. Any number of them.

Q. Such as...

A. I'm not giving away my own weaknesses. They'll be discovered soon enough. A sportswriter was interviewing me the other day, and he asked me this question very shyly and hesitatingly, as though he was half afraid to bring it up. He said, "The word around Montreal during the June hockey meetings was that you're weak on the low stick side. What do you have to say about that?" I laughed. I said, "Well, maybe so." I hope all the opposing players shoot on my low stick side this season. That would make my job easy.

Q. Now that you've finished your summer with Ralph Nader, how do you feel about going back to hockey and McGill Law School?

A. I can't wait. Some people have suggested that I'm sort of using hockey, that it doesn't mean much to me, and as soon as I get my law degree I'll quit and do something else. That's not true. I love playing hockey.

Q. What is there to love about it?

A. The simplest answer I can give you is this: what I love about hockey is hockey. The whole game. The esthetics. The rhythms and the patterns; it's a beautiful thing. I enjoy playing for the Canadiens, but I also enjoyed playing in the minors and back home on the street-corner rinks. The only thing I can't imagine is not playing at all.

Q. I guess if you didn't like the game you'd have quit after Cornell?

A. Sure. And a lot of people would have said, "Too bad about Dryden. If he'd only gone on, he might have been great." I had to find out for myself; I had to play. And I haven't found out yet, not by a long shot. One Stanley Cup doesn't make a career.

Q. But what's left for you now? You've been to the mountain, what more can you do? You did it all in less than two months; you did things that other players don't do in a career.

A. Sure, but I never did it over a season. You see, the playoffs were easy for me because nothing was expected. The Canadiens had hopes for me, but not

continued

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great expectations. If I'd have failed, people would have said, "What'd they expect, bringing him up at the end of the season and throwing him to the lions like that?" I had nothing to lose. If I'd made a complete idiot of myself, everybody would have blamed the front office. So no matter what I did, I had the people with me.

Q. Won't the people still be with you this year?

A. Not automatically. This year will be much more difficult. Technically I'll still be a rookie, but everybody will be looking to see if I'm really any good. Much more will be expected of me than of the average rookie. So it'll be exactly the opposite of the Stanley Cup playoffs. I'll be a little like Vida Blue. Nobody expected anything from him in the first half of the baseball season, so he relaxed and won 17 games. But after the All-Star Game everybody's eyes were on him and he began to find it a little tougher. It took him another month to get up to 20 wins.

Q. Does it ever enter your mind that you might be a flash in the pan, that you might be another one of those rookie goalies who come up and stun everybody with their clever style and then spend the rest of their lives in the Maritime Provinces?

A. Sure, it enters my mind. The hazard exists. I could be a flash in the pan, no doubt about it. I've proved myself over six regular games and 20 playoff games, but I haven't proved myself over 30 or 40 games, or a whole season of 78 games, or more than a whole season. You have to take all the knocks and bruises and bad spells and the whole scene, over and over again, and I haven't done that yet in the NHL. That's why the pressure will be on me this season—to see if I can do it.

Q. And if you fade under the pressure?

A. Well, Joez Murphy, then obviously I never had the talent to begin with, and I should quit and stick to law. But until it's proven to me that I can't do the job, I'll figure I'm right where I belong—in the NHL.

Q. Now seriously, Ken, do you think there is the slightest possibility that your fine play last year and all that poise and skill you showed—do you think there is any chance that it was all an accident, that you are up in the big leagues and you don't belong there?

A. Well, we'll find out pretty soon, won't we?

END



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for the martini.



IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY ROSEWOOD CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.



HE'S AT IT AGAIN, AS HIGH AS A KITE

Literally, that is. Jeff Jobe's lofty idea of getting his kicks is to grab one of his kites, go to the top of something like Washington's Mount Si (above), jump off and—fly *by ANITA VERSCHOYH*

He is a bird. He also is a plane. He can soar over lakes and leap tall ski resorts in a single bound. For below him, stirred by his fearful flapping, earth-bound skiers and bouters gasp when he passes overhead. He shouts down at them—Kiteman shouts a lot when he flies—and the wind snatches the words from his mouth and scatters the sound behind him. Altogether, he creates a pretty weird effect, a pterodactyl suddenly flying in out of the past. It is both awesome and exciting, so exciting that naturally, whenever he comes down, he is still high.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB FLETCHER

Kieman turns out to be 20 years old, quite a statistic all by itself, considering the dangerous things he does. He is layered with muscles, and over them is a tan, dappled here and there with a few scars. His hair is blond and tousled, his face toothy but handsome, and when he talks on the ground it is loudly—as if he still expected the wind to snatch away the words. His name is Jeff Jobe, and Jeff Jobe is the foremost practitioner of his sport in the entire world. Lest that sound a bit oversteering, one must remember that only a handful of people so far have mastered his particular

game, which is free flying in a monster gull-wing kite.

Jobe can glide, dart, circle, do 360s and eszes; he can stall, dive, climb, coast. He can do almost everything but fly into a strong head wind, which is guaranteed to leave him in a considerable mess.

Kieman does all this sitting on a trapeze seat hanging beneath a giant red, white and blue triangular nylon sail that advertises O'BRIEN skis in black letters. The kite spreads like a webfoot over three aluminum tubes. The thing is awfully basic: two 14-foot tubes on each side and another in the center, all meet-

ing in a V at the front, with a fourth cross tube to hold everything together. Coming down from the center of the kite is a control bar and, behind that, suspended by cables, is the little seat. In flight the entire package looks like a monster, sex-crazed bat carrying someone away to the valley. It works like this. When Jobe pushes against the bar, he moves the seat—and his weight—backward, and the kite climbs. When he pulls the bar toward his chest, he is moving his weight forward, and zing! the kite dives. He shifts his weight toward one end of the bar and the kite makes a

continued

turn, and if he keeps leaning to one side it starts cireling down in a cork-screw pattern. If Jobe wriggles from one side to the other, the kite flaps about in great excitement.

Kiteman is also a plane: his takeoff and landing gear is a pair of skis. In the winter he folds the kite like an umbrella and carries it to the peaks of ski resorts on the chair lifts, puts on skis and sehusses down toward ridge; that end in steep cliffs, lifting off when he pushes the bar. His kite will fly in just about any kind of wind, short of 25-mph velocity, but he prefers calm air for taking off. Accelerating with a tail wind and slowing when he turns into it, he circles trees, hovers over crevasses, darts after surprised skiers and finally glides down to land gently on the beginners' slopes—shaking up the whole lift line in the process.

Flying in the summer takes a few extras: a lake, a rope and a speedy boat. Jobe lifts off from a dock like a water skier, wearing stunt-model water skis. Clipped to the rope that runs from the boat to his control bar, he needs a full-speed dash by his brother Mark, the boat driver. When the rope comes up taut at a 45-degree angle, Jobe releases it and starts his freewheeling stunts.

At his home port, Sammamish Lake near Seattle, where the summer days tend to be more gray than sunny, he can climb up to 900 feet on a 1,200-foot rope and sometimes, soaring above the low-hanging clouds, see a beautiful sunset that remains hidden from the people on the ground. When he swoops in for a landing, he aims precisely for a certain spot. It may be the end of the rope floating on the lake, so that he can take off on another flight, or he may select the lake-front lawn at the Jobes' summer house. He likes to wear stunt water skis because they are shorter and wider than the others and glide better on grass. Or on concrete. On cold days Kiteman prefers a shore landing, because he flies basked in ski parka, long pants and woolen cap, and he does not like to get wet. Soaring toward the shore, he heads straight for a certain crash into a neighbor's boathouse, then makes a neat right turn just in front of it and softly glides onto the grass.

"That really jazes me!" he shouts after each flight—which is about 20 times a day. And he wants it jazzier. All through the past summer he kept di-

viding his days between flying and working on his kite. He wanted to create a bigger kite that would stay airborne even if it were not launched with a great amount of speed. Eventually he finished a new monster with 18-foot tubes and a wingspan of 24 feet. He took it to the top of 4,000-foot Mount Si near his home and just ran with the kite on his back, its tail brushing the ground, toward a cliff—and jumped off. Now he can be seen dropping off Mount Si regularly, flying down to a field or a nearby golf course and landing with his feet trotting on the ground. It is as if mankind were trying to invent flying all over again.

"I don't want to give anybody the idea that I invented kite flying," Jobe says in a moment of modesty. "I didn't, just as the Wright Brothers didn't invent airplanes. People have been experimenting with kites for years. I merely perfected what others have done."

The first kite flyer known to man is said to have been a Japanese thief who lowered himself over a castle tower to steal some golden-ornamental fishes. Later, at the end of the 19th century, military men used kites for reconnaissance missions. More recently a couple of World War II Nazi submarines were reportedly equipped with tow kites that could hoist observers aloft to spot Allied ships. Since then kite flying has largely been the hobby of a few daredevils but, as far as is known, nobody ever dropped the rope and tried free flying until about 15 years ago. The kite used for towed flights is usually a pentagonal "flat wing," bordered on all sides by a metal frame and stiff as a plank. It is not maneuverable and without a rope it would simply tumble down. Free flying requires a more flexible open-end "delta-wing" kite.

Kiteman Jobe started out with a flat wing five years ago and did not like it. "You are tossed about with every gust," he says, "and you hate to be under tow all the time." Then one day he watched some flyers experiment with a triangular kite designed for free flying. Jobe saw a great many crashes and abortive takeoffs, but they did not dissuade him. "I know this thing can fly," he figured, and he proceeded to seek out anybody he could find who had ever fiddled with or thought about a glider kite, including two engineers at Boeing who were able to solve some of his technical problems.

Two summers ago he bought his first

free-flying kite, and he took off over the lake on the same day. "It was blowing 25 mph," Jobe recalls, "and that is forbidden. You don't fly a kite on a windy day like that, but I couldn't wait. Before I knew it I had caught a wing tip and was going down on my ear. The whole kite doubled over and dived straight into the water. I found myself, strapped into the seat, 10 feet below the surface. Well, I was learning." (One thing he learned was to pour foam into the aluminum tubes. The foam sets and keeps out water that would drag the kite to the bottom of the lake.)

By last May, Jobe had become such an expert at aeronautics that he made his own kite. He has built 30 since, at a cost of about \$350, and sold them all for prices ranging up to \$500. He claims that his kites are aerodynamically sounder than any ever built before, but few of his buyers have come close to performing like Kiteman.

"I don't know what it is," says Jobe, "but I keep getting these phone calls from people who tell me, 'Your kite doesn't fly.' It takes time. It's like learning to snow ski. Often they make the mistake of taking off with a downward. Usually, when a guy buys a kite from me, he thinks if I can do it, he can do it. He doesn't even want to listen."

Jobe probably inherited the flying craze from his father. Joe Jobe is a commercial pilot for Air West and during World War II he flew combat missions in the Pacific. "He received many honors for what he did in the war," says Jobe, "but he never talks about it. That's where he and I are different."

The senior Jobe is a hearty outdoorsman and he brought his four children up to share his interests. Before the Jobes moved to their home in Redmond, Wash., and bought the summer house, they lived on a beach at Puget Sound. They spent their summers water skiing and cruising to remote islands, and in the winter they skied in the Cascade Range. They did everything together, though Kiteman himself was at first reluctant to get into the act.

When Jeff was about five, it was of some concern to his father that he could not get the boy to water ski on the sound. The water was too cold. "One day it was Jeffrey's turn to sweep the patio," he recalls. "It was a chore that he hated. So I promised that I would sweep it myself if he tried water skiing. He was

continued



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not tempted. I had to bribe him with a quarter before he took me up on it."

Unlike his older brother and sister, Jeff does not much care for school. At one point father Jobe had to resort to bribery again, warning Jeff that he would not have any snow-skiing lessons unless his grades improved. Jeff made enough of an effort to earn four lessons, but that was the end of it. It mattered little because four lessons were all he needed to become a parallel skier. He went on to earn money as a ski instructor at 16.

"When I do sports," says Jobe, "I like to do them as hard as I can. I'm often asked why I didn't become a ski racer. The reason is that I didn't want to break a leg. It's too dangerous."

The first sport to which Jobe really applied himself was water skiing. As soon as the Jobes moved to Sammamish Lake, where the water temperature was more to Jeff's fancy, he started on tricks. At the age of 15 he was an accomplished water skier. It was at this time he met a neighbor, Herb O'Brien, then one of the best skiers in the area. O'Brien started his own water-ski factory and Jobe worked for him for a while; his skis are the ones Jobe now advertises on his kite.

"He was just a little kid," recalls O'Brien, "but he was always asking me and my friends how we did this trick and that. At the end of the first summer he was telling us how. He started competing the next year and won the state championship. He could do 4,000 points in 40 seconds anytime, and that takes every tournament around here."

In the spring of 1970, just before Jobe took up flying seriously, he entered the annual water-ski race on the Sammamish River. One has to be something of a madman to try this race because the shallow slough that runs between Sammamish Lake and Lake Washington is a wild slalom with lots of tricky, 90-degree turns and such narrow spots that, at times, only one boat can pass through. O'Brien drove the boat for Jobe and remembers the race as a nerve-racking experience. "I knew Jeff had not been water skiing since the previous summer," he says, "and I was scared. But he made me go full bore at 60 mph through all those hairy turns and bottlenecks and darned if he didn't win. It is a pity he quit competing."

"Competition just didn't jazz me anymore," says Jobe. "So what if you get more points than another guy. It only

makes people jealous. I'm told that I'm an absolute waste as a water skier. I think if you continue to compete in one sport for years and years, that is a waste. It limits you to one way of life, and I want to be free to try new things."

Jobe's next new thing became flying, and he tackled it with the same verve that he had put into water skiing. The first summer was full of smashes, and whenever father Jobe came to the lake house he was alarmed by the sight of broken tubes and bent bars strewn all over the lawn. "The flying began to concern me," says Joe Jobe, "but what can you tell a kid when he gets to his age? It is certainly better than having him on pot."

"Who needs pot?" says Jeff. Certainly not Kiteman, who can see Seattle's Space Needle from his lofty seat above the lake, who can fly from the top of Sun Valley's Baldy Mountain to the base lodge at Warm Springs in four exhilarating minutes. Jobe does not drink, not even beer. He thinks dancing is a dumb thing to do and he keeps dropping out of college—as did Charles Lindbergh—because of his flying. He has no eye for girls, either, unless they are both very pretty and very tough. When an attractive trampolene gymnast wandered into his bedroom at the summer house one recent night in an apparent expression of hero worship, Jobe sat up shocked on his water bed. Then, well, long as she was there anyway, he took the opportunity to ask her whether he could borrow her trampoline. "A trampoline is a useful thing," he says, "because it helps me to learn the flip."

Like a mad missionary, Jobe tries to convince people to join him in his daring feats. He has little regard for his older brother Tim's preference for philosophy, because thinking, in Jeff's opinion, is a waste of time. As soon as Tim arrived at Sammamish Lake this year on summer vacation from college in Santa Barbara, Calif., Jeff strapped him to a kite because he needed a companion up there in the clouds. "I can't figure out why I'm doing this," Tim said after one long session. "What an insane way to spend day after day. All through last winter I read books, and the most athletic thing I did was running on the beach. Now he has me sitting up there—800 feet above the lake—and he is acting like a clown, zooming around me and yelling into my ear."

At the end of one flight, Jeff came in for a shore landing and Tim, following closely, found himself in the slipstream behind Jeff's kite. With no air to hold him up, he dropped onto the shore like a rock, badly scraping his leg. "I fell out of the sky," said Tim. "How foolish," said Jeff, "but isn't it fun?"

Whatever it is, Kiteman seems to have a superhuman knack for it, even in disaster. He can drop out of the sky and walk away unscathed. One day last winter, flying at Whistler Mountain in British Columbia, Kiteman took a helicopter to the summit so that he could enjoy a longer trip than from the top of the ski lift. There was a strong crosswind when he skied down a ridge and took off. "I flew about 600 feet over a bunch of rocks," he says, "and that was real neat. Then I hit this head wind—well, it was more like a storm—and it just stopped me. I was coming down. There were tall firs under me and I turned downwind, trying to avoid them, but now I was probably doing 50 mph. Well, it finally got down to two trees. One had a branch sticking out, and that knocked me against the other tree and at the end I was stuck up there in the branches between the two. It really jazzed me—except that I broke my ski boots and every bar on the kite and the sail was ripped to pieces. I just had a few scratches, but I sure minded losing the kite."

To Kiteman, the future is an exciting game, as unpredictable as the sky. He can make \$500 a day just flying over ski areas (it is cheaper to fly Kiteman than the Goodyear blimp) and admits that he would welcome a snow-ski sponsor but he does not worry about what he will do when he grows up. When he thinks about this at all, only fun things come to his mind. He might want to manufacture a monoski—a single snow ski equipped with a platform to accommodate both feet. Or take up golf some distant day, though not like ordinary golfers. "I'd buy one of those adjustable drivers," he says. "Wouldn't that be a jazz? Everybody else would be lugging all these rods and woods around, and then they'd see me. Wouldn't they just go berserk watching me with my one funstick?"

Whatever happens to Kiteman, it does not seem possible he could come upon hard times. After all, there is an old English proverb that promises: FLY AND YOU WILL CATCH THE SWALLOW. **END**

An Ivy League Lombardi gets a Big Ten jolt

This time last year Coach Bob Blackman had 250 offensive formations and was sitting pretty. This year he has 250 problems and is flat on his back.

Last year Blackman was at Dartmouth, producing another of his perennial champions and enjoying a reputation as the Vince Lombardi of the Ivy League. By the time the season was over he would have his third undefeated team, his sixth Ivy title, his second Lambert Trophy and a No. 14 national ranking.

This year he is at the University of Illinois, where he has yet to become known as the Vince Lombardi of the Big Ten. After going 10 years at Dartmouth without being held scoreless in a game, Blackman watched his team lose to Michigan State 10-0, North Carolina 27-0 and USC

28-0, then drop two more, 52-14 to Washington two weeks ago, and 24-10 to Ohio State last Saturday. With unbeaten Michigan coming up this week followed by formidable Purdue and Northwestern, it should be November before Blackman finally wins one. "I'm afraid people are going to start thinking I'm not the miracle man I was supposed to be," he says.

Blackman has never specifically claimed miraculous powers and in fact has been asking Illinois fans to "combine their enthusiasm with realism" since he took the head coaching job last December. But he does have a history of rising up out of the depths.

When he came down with polio at the age of 19, he went a couple of months without being able to swallow, much less walk. Now he jogs with only a slight limp and swallows enough to rank as one of the roundest-faced coaches in the nation. When he took over the head coaching job at Monrovia (Calif.) High School in 1946, the team had not won in two years, attendance averaged something under 200 and the bleachers had been condemned. Within three years he had taken Monrovia to a 10-1 season and a final-game turnout of 15,000.

From Monrovia, Blackman went on to achieve the same sort of thing at Pasadena City College, the University of Denver and Dartmouth. At Dartmouth in 1957 he observed, "Every place I've ever gone to coach, the team was at rock bottom. But I've always been fortunate in having a championship by the third year." That was at the beginning of his third year at Dartmouth, in the course of which he won his first Ivy title.

Still, Blackman has never been 0 and 5 before (he lost his first four games at Dartmouth, but upset Harvard in the fifth on national television), much less faced the very real prospect of running it out to 0 and 8. He came into the 1971 season with an admirable 22-year record of 150-49-5, sixth in percentage and fourth in wins among active major-college coaches. Eight or 10 more years like this one and he is going to be in trouble lifetime.

How does it feel to be going so bad after all those years of supremacy? "I don't think I've ever been quite so disappointed and frustrated in my life," he told the press after the Ohio State game. He also confides that an eso-

phagal hernia, which never gave him any trouble at Dartmouth, makes him feel this year like he has a lead weight on his chest. But by and large he answers questions about his own state of mind by expressing concern about how other people are reacting. These other people boil down to two groups, his team and all the people around the state who are, so far, buying "Win With Blackman" buttons and game tickets decorated with Blackman's full-color photographs.

The team? The team, Blackman says, "is capable of beating 99% of the colleges in America. But we are our own worst enemy." Never once last year did his Dartmouths allow an opponent to take over the ball beyond the opponent's 40. In the Illinois opener Michigan State got the ball beyond its 40 not once but 13 times. The Illini defense has been strong, but the offense keeps losing the ball because it keeps making mistakes. As the general said of his firing squad after they all missed the condemned man, "They just don't execute."

This is the kind of day it was against Ohio State, for instance: a pass bounced off the helmet of the intended Illinois receiver into a defender's hands; a short pass to a wide-open receiver in the end zone was thrown off-target; on a draw play the fullback inexplicably fell down on being handed the ball; a pass was overthrown on a beautifully breaking play that should have gone for a 60-yard touchdown. Two Illinois drives stalled inside the Ohio State 10 (one when Quarterback Mike Wells and Halfback Darrell Robinson ran into each other on the two); and there was a prevailing gray spot in the middle of the orange "1" formed by the Illinois card section (through binoculars the spot appeared to be a dad—it was Dad's Day—who either was not issued or would not wear the requisite orange bib).

Even so, after spotting the Buckeyes 14 points in the first five minutes, the Illini kept on coming, rolling up 23 first downs and 414 yards in total offense to Ohio State's 15 and 292. Wells, with all his timing problems, ran for 58 yards, passed for 198 and kicked a 37-yard field goal. With five seconds remaining in the game, the Illini still had enough ginger left to pick up an illegal-forward-pass penalty on their second hair-raising long-lateral-off-a-short-pass play of the quarter. Considering that the UPI

continued



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had picked Ohio State to win 55-7 "or maybe 65," the game was no great disgrace to the heritage of Red Grange.

It was another loss, though, and now Blackman is faced with the chore of convincing his team that it is not as bad as its record indicates. Such boosterism is hard for a coach, as Blackman says, "because what you're looking for is perfection. You watch a play on film, and instead of patting the 10 boys who performed well, you're jumping on the one who made a mistake." But the Illini are tired of being jumped on by opponents. They are also, Blackman says, "tired of hearing me talk about Dartmouth."

Blackman has trouble not talking to reporters about Dartmouth because they keep asking him an obvious question: are the Illini having so much trouble mastering his multiple offense because they aren't as smart as his players at Dartmouth? While at Dartmouth, Blackman was widely quoted as saying, "I don't want to be condescending, but Ivy League schools draw a superior student who can absorb and assimilate quickly." Wells says the plays last year "were simple, like 2, or 5, or 23." This year he has to spend 2½ hours a day aside from regular practice sessions just going over the Blackman system of plays, which entails vast series of detailed blocking assignments, backfield shifts, receivers' cutting assignments, letters, numbers and terms like "drive," "trot" and "black."

Blackman wants Wells to be able to throw, like Washington's Sonny Sixkiller, before his receiver begins his final cut, and he wants the receiver to be able to look up at the last moment and take the ball over his shoulder. Blackman wants to pull off an occasional double-fake end-around pitch play, with precisely outlined blocking. So far what has happened more often is backs illegally in motion, and receivers in the open but the ball even more in the open, 10 or 12 yards away. Blackman has declared that he just doesn't have what he needs in the way of offensive backs, and that Wells—though he's a "fine boy, what every man would like his son to be and his daughter to bring home"—just doesn't think quickly enough on the field. Blackman has cut his offense's complexity way back. "I haven't been able to do lots of things I'd hoped to do," he says. "I have enough on my mind just getting people to count up

to four properly before they move."

But Blackman resents any suggestion that he is trying to impose Ivy League thinking on Big Ten brains. He expounds the academic excellences of Illinois and he explains what he means when he said a couple of weeks back that he had some second-stringers last year at Dartmouth who could help him this year at Illinois. "There are players every year in the Ivy League who could play anywhere in the country. And last year's sophomores at Dartmouth, many of whom were second-stringers, were the best class in the school's history. We also have a number of boys here on this squad that would be a credit to any Ivy League institution. Besides, it takes more than just native intelligence to make a good football team—it takes discipline. That doesn't mean players who salute every time they see their coach, it means players who make every little move exactly the way they've been coached to do it. That can't be taught in one practice. It takes boys who've grown up in the system."

On the wall of Blackman's office hang these words of Vince Lombardi: "Winning is not a sometime thing. It's an all-time thing. . . . Winning is a habit. Unfortunately, so is losing." There are bound to be better days ahead for Bob Blackman and Illinois, but at the moment the former Lombardi of the Ivy League has a lead weight on his chest.

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (3-1)
2. ARKANSAS (4-1)
3. HOUSTON (3-1)

Arkansas Quarterback Joe Ferguson played slightly more than a half, but that was time enough for him to throw 39- and 40-yard touchdowns passes to Mike Reppond as the Razorbacks warmed up for Texas with a 35-7 win over Baylor. The Bears used the Washburn T for the first time this season but did not operate it well, fumbling once and getting five passes intercepted. Soph Dicky Morton played well for Arkansas but fin-

ished the game on the sideline with bruised ribs. "We're out of tailbacks," said Coach Frank Broyles, "and with Texas coming up, that's not good."

Texas Tech Cornerback Marc Dove was more like a hawk against Texas A&M, running back punts, spoiling A&M's passing attack and recovering a fumble in the Red Raiders' 28-7 victory. Oklahoma State and Texas Christian tied 14-14 in Fort Worth.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (4-0)
2. STANFORD (4-1)
3. WASHINGTON (4-1)

Maybe the entire Pacific Northwest peaked too soon. There was a lot of Rose Bowl talk in Seattle and many a citizen already had made his reservations in Pasadena. Sonny Sixkiller and the Washington Huskies had the fans more excited than at any time since the days of Hugh McHenry. By last Friday night tickets for the Washington-Stanford game were being scalped for \$40 apiece. For the first time in eight years Washington students held a Friday-night pep rally, at which Coach Jim Owens threw away all caution and predicted victory. He was wrong. A record Hunky Stadium crowd of 40,777 saw Stanford's defensive line, nicknamed the "Thunder Chicks," harass Sixkiller unmercifully and help the Indians win 17-6.

By halftime Sixkiller had completed only five of 15 passes and Washington's running game had produced minus-26 yards. At game's end, Sixkiller had connected on only 12 of 46, with four interceptions—three by Indian Safety Benny Barnes, who also had fun running the safety blitz.

With three seconds to play, Cal was on Oregon State's seven-yard line. A field goal would give the Bears a 27-27 tie. But instead they gambled. Quarterback Jay Cruise tossed to 6'4" Flanker Steve Sweeney, who made a beautiful diving catch for a 30-27 victory. It was the pair's third TD-pass play of the afternoon. "We didn't play well again and we got beat," said disgruntled USC Coach John McKay. Oregon Quarterback Harvey Winn, only 5'8" tall, did play well in L.A. and the Ducks upset heavily favored Troy for the second straight year, 28-23. "We came here to win and win we did," said Winn. Utah State beat Brigham Young 29-7 after Bob Wicks' 61-yard TD punt return lit the spark. Woody Green, Arizona State's fine sophomore runner, left campus for personal reasons, but it hardly mattered to the Sun Devils. They stomped Colorado State 42-0 as two substitute backs each averaged more than 13 yards a carry.

continued



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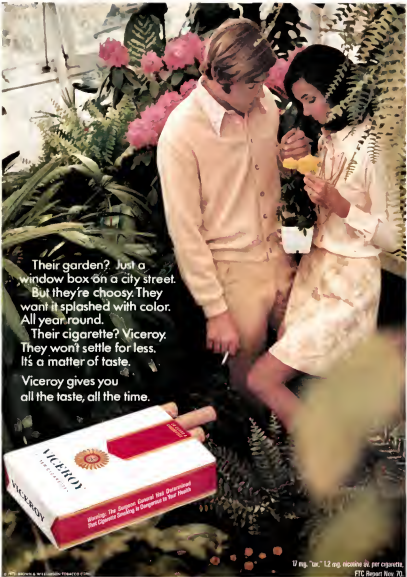
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SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (5-0)
2. AUBURN (4-0)
3. GEORGIA (5-0)

Duke's injury list was so long it seemed the Blue Devils would have to turn to sex-man football. It got so bad in Norfolk last Saturday that new Coach Mike McGee had to use three of his players both ways and would have put on pads himself if the rules allowed. The iron-man performances were not enough and Clemson handed Duke its first defeat, 3-0. The winning field goal was a 39-yarder by soccer-style kicker Eddie Seigler in the last 10 seconds of the third quarter.

But the previously winless Tigers did not beat Duke just because they were healthier. They wisely used squab kickoffs, short punts and excellent coverage to hold Duke to 30 yards in five returns. On the rare occasions they took to the air, they avoided the zone covered by Blue Devil cornerback Ernie Jackson, whose punt returns and interceptions had helped beat South Carolina and Stanford.

Notre Dame starting Quarterback Bill Eiter suffered torn knee ligaments, and out-weighed, fired-up Miami held the Irish to a measly 3-0 first-half lead Saturday night in the Orange Bowl. But sophomore Cliff Brown, Eiter's replacement, directed Notre Dame to two second-half touchdowns and a 17-0 victory. Miami, which had been averaging 240 yards rushing and 29 points a game, was held to just 60 yards net.

Fullback Curt Watson set a Tennessee career rushing record (1,914 yards, surpassing Beattie Feathers' 1,898) in the Vols' tough 10-6 victory over Georgia Tech, but he was not pleased. "I fumbled three times, missed a blocking assignment that let Tech block a punt and made just about every mistake I could make," he said, neglecting to mention his 19-yard TD run in the first minute. Kicker George Hunt provided the winning margin with an extra point and a 20-yard field goal. This season he has made eight of eight field-goal tries, the longest from 50 yards.

Florida State continued unbeaten in a sloppy 27-9 win over Mississippi State, a rainy day session that included 14 fumbles and five interceptions. Georgia stayed unbeaten, too, whipping Mississippi 38-7 at Jackson. It was the first time since 1946 that the Bulldogs had won their first five games. Offensive Guard John Jennings caught a fumble in midair and rumbled 39 yards for Georgia's first TD. "My wife isn't going to believe this," said the senior. "That's the first time I've touched the football since high school."

LSU joyously took its turn pounding Florida, beating the Gators 48-7. Snapped Florida Coach Doug Dickey, "We were out-

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

hustled, outran, outthrust and outplayed in every dimension of the game." Auburn had a tougher time than expected before beating Southern Miss 27-14. Alabama smothered Vanderbilt 42-0.

North Carolina Halfback Ike Oglesby missed the game because of recurring leg cramps and the Tar Heels were beaten for the first time, 37-29, by Tulane. South Carolina's defensive unit, nicknamed the Carolina Bandits, intercepted three passes, recovered four fumbles, blocked a punt and put two TDs on the scoreboard as the Gamecocks beat Virginia 34-14.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (4-0)
2. DARTMOUTH (3-0)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (4-1)

Last October Pittsburgh was trailing West Virginia 35-8 and ended up winning 36-35. Last Saturday the Panthers rose from the dead again, falling behind Navy 35-10, then fighting back to win by—yep—36-35. Favored by 21 points, Pitt got into deep trouble when the Maddies converted two fumbles and an interception into scores. But the Pitt defense held fast for the last two periods while the offense went to work. Dave Havren threw a six-yard pass to Les Block with 27 seconds left for the win.

"Army is a solid team, particularly on defense," said Penn State Coach Joe Paterno before the Cadets arrived. That may have been true against Georgia Tech and other teams, but it was not true Saturday. Penn State romped 42-0 as Halfback Lydell Mitchell gained 164 yards on 22 carries and scored three touchdowns.

Boston College made Villanova its fourth straight victim 23-7, rushing for 338 yards. Delaware's Blue Hens moved closer to the Lambert Cup by smothering previously undefeated Lafayette 49-0. Sophomore Quarterback Mackey Connolly threw three TD passes to help Holy Cross upset Colgate 28-14. Temple Coach Wayne Hardin was so upset over the death of his former assistant at Navy, Ernie Jorge, that he couldn't give his pregame talk. The Owls dedicated the game to Jorge's memory and beat Connecticut 38-0.

Harvard beat Columbia 21-19. Coach Joe Restic's first Ivy League victory. Ted DeMars switched from fullback to halfback and outgained all of Columbia's backs put together. Penn had a 3-1 tie with Dartmouth in the first half, but two Big Green quarterbacks stayed with their ground attack in the second half and wore the Quakers down 19-3. Ed Mannaro got 144 yards in 30 carries as Cornell beat Princeton 19-8.

continued

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MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (5-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (4-0)
3. MICHIGAN (4-0)

A loser by 51 points last year, Iowa State was ready for powerful Colorado this time, and the fans in Ames, Iowa thought for a while that they were going to savor the Big Eight upset of the season. The Cyclones, unbeaten but rated low in the conference, had themselves a 34-14 tie with just 6½ minutes left. Then Colorado Defensive End J. B. Dean decided there had been enough fooling around. He kicked a 37-yard field goal and, in the last minute, intercepted a pass to set up Cliff Branch's clinching touchdown run—eight yards on an end sweep—that made the final score 24-14.

Undeclared in three games and studied with sophomore stars, Bowling Green was given a good chance to finally end Toledo's winning streak and firmly establish a Mid-American Conference dynasty of its own. However, all the talk about an upset merely served to get Toledo stirred up and the Rockets won 24-7, their 28th in a row.

Michigan Halfback Bill Taylor injured his left shoulder in the first half against Michigan State and played only occasionally after that, but he still gained 117 yards in 15 carries and scored twice in the Wolverines' 24-13 win. Purdue Quarterback Gary Darnell had to leave the game because of a separated left shoulder, but not before he hit 15 of 20 passes for 300 yards and two touchdowns in the Boilermakers' 27-13 victory over Minnesota. Another Big Ten signal-caller, Maurice Dougneau of Northwestern, had a happy day, leading his team to a 28-3 win over poor Iowa, which has lost five straight, just like Illinois.

Nebraska kept rolling, earning its first shutout of 1971, 36-0 over Missouri. Kansas sophomore David Jynes came off the bench to throw three touchdown passes in 10 minutes as the Jayhawks beat Kansas State 39-13. Tight End John Schroll caught nine of his passes for 88 yards.

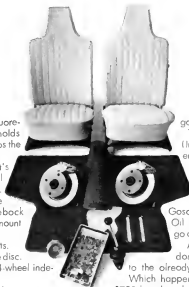
PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEBACKER: Stanford Defensive Guard Pete Lavatch spiced Washington's heralded quarterback, Sonny Sukiller, four times, either solo or with help, and turned one completed Sukiller screen pass into a five-yard loss.

THE BACK: Texas Tech Cornerback Marc Dose intercepted two Texas A&M passes—rushing one of them back 39 yards for a touchdown—recovered a fumble to set up another score and returned seven punts for 86 yards.



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Cutting some uppity kids down to size

By beating a squad of young Precision Systems experts led by Joel Stuart in the semifinal of the U.S. team playoffs in New York last month, Lew Mathe's team avenged an earlier defeat and moved a step closer to a repeat appearance in world title competition. The victory entitles Mathe, Don Krauss, Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay to meet the world champion Aces Oct. 22-24 in New Orleans, the winner to be the U.S. representative at the 1972 World Team Olympiad.

While the triumph was gratifying, it did not come easy. The match was as close and hard-fought as the final of the Spingold Team Championship just three months before (SI, Aug. 9), in which the Mathe foursome suffered a narrow, seven-international-matchpoint defeat at the hands of these same youthful opponents—Stuart, Steve Altman, Peter Weichsel, Gene Neiger and Tom Smith. The semifinal playoff, however, was to be a 144-deal affair, as opposed to the 72 boards played in the Spingold, and Kaplan confidently offered his assessment of the older team's chances over the longer run. "Experience gives us the edge," he said just before the match began. "If we can get off to a flying start, we'll win by 200 IMPs or more. But if the kids get a big early lead, there's no certainty they'll be able to hold it."

As things turned out, one had to wonder whether Kaplan possessed a crystal ball. At the end of the first 36 deals, played Friday night, the "kids" led by a whopping 73 IMPs in spite of a three-IMP penalty assessed for slow play. The penalty was largely chargeable to Altman, whose customary glacial pace at times made even the deliberate Kay appear swift. But three IMPs were only pennies in such a gigantic landslide. The

keyed-up young leaders didn't get much sleep that night, while the veterans could only swallow their pride and their tranquilizers and prepare for the next day.

Kaplan and Kay had performed well during the first session (as they would continue to do throughout the playoff), while Mathe and Krauss had been off form. But when Mathe-Krauss found themselves on Saturday afternoon, the Vu-Graph audience at the session was treated to one of the more remarkable turnabouts in tournament bridge history. Where the first-quarter score had been 108-35, Stuart, the second-quarter tally read 103-39, Mathe. The Precision lead was now down to nine IMPs and the images that had appeared in Kaplan's crystal ball were beginning to take shape at the tables.

To its credit, the Stuart team held on through the third quarter, scoring 69 IMPs to Mathe's 69 and maintaining its precarious lead. But with the score thus close and only 36 deals remaining to be played on Sunday afternoon, that three-point slow-play penalty began to loom very large indeed. What if it turned out to be the deciding factor in the match? How would the players—and the on-lookers—react? It may be that the tournament officials tossed more restlessly than the players that night, and with good cause: at the halfway point of the final session on Sunday the Mathe team not only had gained the lead but was holding it by exactly three IMPs.

The crisis was short-lived. On the remaining 18 deals, Mathe's squad gradually increased its lead and, after snuffing off a last-minute rally by the Precisioners, eventually won by 11 IMPs.

The turning point in the match came on the 114th deal and put Mathe into the lead for the first time since the very early going. This was the layout:

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH			
♦	K 7 6		
♥	Q 7 2		
♠	J 10 7 5 4		
♣	A		
WEST		EAST	
♦	10	♠	Q 4
♥	K 10 4 3	♥	J 9 8 6
♠	Q	♠	A K 9 8
♣	A K 10 7 4 3 2	♣	Q 8 6
SOUTH			
♦	A K J 5 3 2		
♥	A 5		
♠	1 2		
♣	J 9		
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Fishes)	(Abacus)	(Honey)	(Stuart)
PASS	1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♠
4 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: King of clubs

In the closed room, where the deal was first played, Kaplan and Kay had bid the East-West cards to a game in hearts on this auction:

NORTH	PASS	SOUTH	WEST
(Fishes)	(Kaplan)	(Smith)	(Kay)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	2 ♠
PASS	2 ♠	10L	2 ♠
PASS	4 ♠	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 6 of spades

Kaplan chose not to open the bidding but cue-bid at his next turn to show that his pass was maximum and to encourage Kay to bid hearts if he could.

Smith won the opening spade lead and continued the suit. Kay ruffed and played the heart king to force South's ace. After that, no matter how they played, the defenders could win only the queen of hearts. Plus 420 for the Mathe team.

The excitement mounted in the audience as the Vu-Graph showed the replay. Krauss' jump overall showed a

continued

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BRIDGE

good hand, but Mathe did not have enough for a free raise. After Krauss took a second bid on his own, however, Mathe upgraded his sketchy values and continued to the spade game.

After his club king held at trick one, Stuart shifted to a trump, won by Krauss. Playing on the assumption that West did not hold a diamond, since East's opening bid would usually have shown a five-card suit, Krauss cashed a second spade, then played the ace and a low heart. He hoped that West would have to win the king of hearts and would be unable to return anything but another club or a heart, giving declarer a chance to discard a losing diamond on the heart queen. But West ducked and dummy's queen won the trick! This unexpected development left Krauss with only two diamonds to lose, and he scored 790 for making his doubled game. Of course, had West gone up with the heart king and shifted to a diamond, East would have taken the ace and king to defeat the contract.

Krauss could have made the hand legitimately as the cards lie. After the club lead and trump shift, declarer leads a diamond at trick three. If West is allowed to hold the queen, the best he can do is exit with a club, forcing dummy to ruff. Declarer then plays ace and another heart, and after taking the king, West must return either a heart or a club, enabling declarer to get rid of his second diamond. If East instead overtakes West's queen at trick three to cash his second high diamond, South's losing heart will eventually be discarded on dummy's diamond jack. Finally, if East, after overtaking the queen of diamonds, does not cash his second diamond but shifts to a heart, declarer can win and return a heart. West can make his king, but dummy's queen is established as before for a diamond discard.

For their part, the defenders, on a different opening lead or shift at trick two, could have beaten the contract in more ways than the one actually presented to them, but as it was the double-game swing totaling 1,210 points gave Mathe's team 15 IMPs and the lead, Said Kaplan afterward, "Over the course of 216 deals (counting the 72 played in the Spingold) we trounced them by one IMP, discounting that penalty." The question now, Edgar, is what does your crystal ball show about this month's meeting with the Aces?

END

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All through his utterly remarkable golfing career he has appeared to be at the mercy of obsessions. For a long time he walked the courses of the world with his small, heavily muscled body clothed in black. It was his belief that this would draw the sun's rays in on him, adding solar energy to the power being generated by a diet of exotic wholeness. He put food into his stomach with the same care as other people put drops in their eyes. Sometimes his source of strength was religious, so that when he was asked to identify the factors that contributed to a great round, he would answer simply, "Jesus," which put a strain on the prose of some of the more secular golf correspondents. Often he attributed his achievements to sheer fitness, the functional efficiency of a body punished by push-ups and regular running, occasionally in hotel corridors if there was no more appropriate space available. Much of this came across as gobbledygook but it had one consistent virtue: it worked. Player went on winning titles and fattening his bankroll.

He did it again last week on the long, narrow fairways and above all on the subtle, shelved greens of the Wentworth west course in Surrey, England. Not content with taking the Piccadilly World Match Play Championship for the fourth time in its eight-year history, Player had Jack Nicklaus beaten by the 32nd green in their 36-hole final, a repetition of the humiliation he inflicted on the big man the last time they met at the same stage of this tournament in 1966. That kind of form is enough to give even monkey glands a good name.

During the first two days of the championship Nicklaus had overshadowed the other seven members of the invited field. Overcoming the determined and graceful resistance of the little Taiwanese Lu Liang-huan on Thursday and laying waste the confidence of England's Neil Coles on Friday, Nicklaus gave the impression of building insuperable momentum. With Arnold Palmer removed in

The flailings of a zealot

In long, penitential practice sessions Gary Player whipped his game into shape and then flogged the field in the World Match Play

the first round of the knockout series by Bob Charles (after a match that went to the 37th and left Palmer complaining of being jostled by a badly marshaled gallery), Jack was a clear favorite with London bookmakers going into the final.

But Player, who had been suffering from a disabling hook, since arriving in Britain three weeks before, quite suddenly ceased the feverish search for a cure that had made him turn to counselors as various as a former British Open champion, Henry Cotton, and a traf-

fic policeman, one Eric Humphreys. The outlandish experiments with his stance, one of which involved raising the left heel so much that he was almost standing on one foot, were quietly abandoned, and without undue acknowledgment he took the advice of Bob Charles and his own caddie, Alfie Fyles. He concentrated on keeping his head still, resisting the inclination to come off the ball while forcing extra length from his tee shots.

Player's first-round match with Tony

continued



HOPING TO CURE HIS DRIVING WOES, PLAYER EVEN TRIED A POLICEMAN'S ADVICE.

Jacklin was made relatively easy by an illness (vaguely, if fashionably, diagnosed as "a bug") that put the Englishman in bed with a temperature and barely able to close his hand on a teaspoon. When Jacklin struggled the short distance from the \$1,000-a-week mansion that he, like the other competitors, had been allotted in the Ascot area, he was still feeling so unbelligerent that his doctor prescribed a lacing of vodka in the orange juice that he drank on his way round the course. Such a recommendation would have troubled Player, who thinks alcohol is all right for cleaning out wounds. His drink in the brief lunchtime interval between the two rounds of the 36-hole match was, as usual, a Coke and it washed down a couple of bananas and a wad of rice stuffed with nuts and raisins. This menu not only suited his own arbitrary dieting laws ("If you eat too much, all the blood rushes to the stomach") but allowed him to maintain his relentless schedule of practice. "I have hit as many balls as it is hu-

manly possible to hit in three weeks," he said with satisfaction after his victory over Jacklin. "At night I hit them until it is dark, until Alfie Fyles is following their flight by ear, and even today at lunch I squeezed in as many shots as I could."

Against Bob Charles in the semifinal, Player seemed to be gaining assurance, hole by hole, and he won the match 2 and 1. Gary likes Wentworth better than any course in the world and now it was restoring his faith in himself like the handshake of an old friend. With its benevolence toward him, and his own austerity and industry, he believed he could win the final.

The majority of those who had been following the progress of Nicklaus thought differently. He had entered the tournament after a period of comparative idleness and his game creaked slightly in practice. His first round on Thursday was delayed for more than an hour by fog that settled like cold steam over the frosty landscape. When

it lifted, the air held its chill for another hour and Lu Liang-huan, thinking wistfully of the China Seas, began stiffly and was 4 down after half a dozen holes. Then the sun began to climb warmly in a Sahara sky and Lu went to work. He has a beautiful, liquid swing, and watching him is like observing a good dressage horse. It is impossible to focus on one phase of the swing, for each movement flows into the next so smoothly that, as a fellow once said of Julius Boros, it is like molasses coming out of a pitcher. By the 16th, Lu had made up for his initial disasters and gone one hole in front. The lead disappeared swiftly in the afternoon but before Lu went out, 2 and 1, he had obliged his opponent to do something that Nicklaus was to find increasingly difficult in the 48 hours ahead: sink long putts.

Nicklaus did manage to bury one or two in his semifinal with Coles (who earlier had eliminated Charles Coody) but his overall superiority was so pronounced that he could afford to be fair-

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ly relaxed on the greens. Nicklaus strode out in pursuit of his booming drives, clumping his feet down with heavy confidence, hunching the sleeves of his yellow cardigan like a truck driver marching back to have words with a timid motorist. Coles trudged forlornly behind him, a good player very demonized. Nicklaus was 5 up after 18 and his lead was never reduced.

Jack was entitled to go to bed pleased with his day's work and the prospects for the next one. The back trouble that had caused an alarmed midnight scramble for doctors and masseurs on the eve of the championship, briefly imprisoning him in traction equipment, had not returned and he slept on the thought that his long game was as sound as ever and the hope that his putting would improve.

There was no overnight evaporation of his form with the distance clubs and if his sufferings with the putter continued, at first it did not seem to matter. Nicklaus was striking the ball so cleanly, aiming it with such authority of line,

that the figures were merely forgettable echoes of so much excellence. And yet there was something ominous in Player's performance. He was being out-golfed but not conspicuously outscored. He saved himself with brilliant putts at the 1st, 5th, 10th and 18th and at the 15th he nearly holed out from a trap, while Nicklaus missed a three-footer to lose the hole.

Despite all his great shots and a score of 67, Nicklaus took only a one-hole lead to lunch. He had, to be accurate, taken something else from the morning round and it was to prove calamitous. Frustration with his putting inadequacies had become unbearable by the 16th and when he tried moving his hands up the club, it seemed to work. He further confused himself with experimentation at lunchtime, and by the time he had made nonsense of manageable putts on three of the first four holes in the afternoon he was behaving like a fumbling novice on the greens.

After lunch Player's hook was sub-

dued and he was putting like an inspired billiards player. All day he missed only one putt inside 20 feet and he never made a bogey. He made the turn in 32 and Nicklaus was broken.

At the finish, Gary delivered his familiar greenside homily on the advantages of clean living and hard work. Any young hopeful who tries to follow his advice should consider how special the man is. He is a genuine zealot, punctual and obsessed. In the end the crank in his nature only feeds the central fire of his zeal. The haecsis in him is ritually burned hour after hour on the practice ground. He manufactures crises for himself so that he can prove himself by surviving them. And when he is at his lowest, there are always the darker pleasures of the martyr.

In the clubhouse after the prize-giving Player had a glass of tap water with a squeeze of lemon in it. Nicklaus had a little tap water with a double Scotch in it. Sometimes the losers have, and are, more fun.

END

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They went bump-bump-a-dump at Lexington

In a switch on the beloved hick flick story line, wonder trotter and kindly underdog owners show up at big Kentucky race with hearts high—and have them broken as a crafty rival driver blind-slides our hero

Down in the horse country at Lexington, Ky. last week it was a little like one of those wonderful, hokey old trotting movies in which Charles Coburn chomps on a fat cigar and saves the homestead by winning the big race at the county fair. In the modern version the cigar belongs to Hy Lattman, a pleasant, balding fellow from New York who knows nothing about horses. The place is The Red Mile, where harness horses break more records than anywhere else in the world, and the plot switch is that Lattman's wonder trotter, a colt named Songcan, loses both heats of his race. But in true film fashion justice triumphs after some sticky business in the second heat, and our hero emerges more martyr than loser.

Flick back over the script: a year ago Lattman decided he had had enough of New York's garment district. He had spent 40 years there, working his way from street delivery boy to Gimbel's shipping department to his own ladies' apparel business, and he had done well. Now 59, he would turn the business over to his two sons, Norman and Stanley, and go looking for something fun to do. So he found a young trotting trainer and asked him to buy a yearling.

The trainer, Don Prussack, had spent several lean years on little tracks like Green Mountain in Vermont and Georgetown in Delaware with "a bunch of old broken-down horses" he had leased. A bright, good-looking 27-year-old from Long Island, Prussack had started out as a groom for Sacher Werner, a trainer at Roosevelt Raceway. It was in Werner's barn that he met a shy, brown-haired young woman named Gale. Gale loved horses and wanted to become a veterinarian but was discouraged from doing so "because I'm a girl." She and Don were married in 1967. When Prussack got his trainer's license the following year, they began going it on their own.

Prussack was on his way to the Lexington sales in October 1970 when Latt-

man, an old friend of his father's, called and asked him to buy a horse. Enter Songcan, a handsome bay colt whose breeding—by Florican out of Ann Song—was as more elegant than his name. He sold for, well, a song: \$5,000.

But oh what a tune he rapped out on the tracks. By last week he had won 10 of 11 races and \$59,420. His only defeat occurred at Roosevelt when he broke stride early in the Westbury Futurity but still made up an amazing amount of ground to finish third. Undoubtedly he was the best two-year-old trotter to come along in years.

"It's been beyond my greatest dreams," said Lattman. Prussack, now Lattman's partner in the Don Hy Stables, agreed that their success had been "remarkable."

In Kentucky their swiftest rivals in the Lexington International figured to be the Dancers, Stanley and Vernon, with Star's Chip and Super Bowl, coupled as an entry in the betting. Songcan might even go after Nevele Pride's 1:58½ record for two-year-olds.

But race day came cool and windy, a bad day for speed, and that made Lattman uneasy. He felt worse after members of The Hambletonian Society told him that Songcan was flatly ineligible for next year's Hambo. Beed by E. Roland Harriman of Arden, N.Y., Songcan was fouled in Kentucky on the farm of J. B. Cannon. Cannon got up the original payments for most of trotting's major three-year-old stakes, but not the \$10 fee for the biggest of all. Somebody told Lattman he could supplement Songcan for \$10,000. The information was false. The Hambletonian does not permit supplementary entries.

"Oh, well," sighed Lattman. "Let's just think about this race right now."

At 11:45 a.m. Songcan was to be given his first warmup. His driver, the Canadian Gilles LaChance, was en route to Lexington from Philadelphia, so Prussack thought he would take the colt out himself. He could not, however, because

drivers are required to wear colors and white pants after 11 a.m. and he had no white pants. Groom Bernie Hele did. Out he went with Songcan. When LaChance still had not arrived by 12:15, Prussack thought of asking Joe O'Brien or Glen Gamsey to drive if Gilles didn't show. LaChance blew in at 12:30.

So roll 'em. Gale affectionately pats Songcan's nose and nibbles on her fingernails. Don says, "Come on, boy, you can do it." Gilles clucks him onto the track. Hy Lattman puffs nervously on a stogie.

Songcan looks fit, but unfortunately LaChance chooses to set all the pace in the first heat. By the middle of the stretch other colts are challenging Songcan and passing him. They go the last quarter in an astounding 28½ as the big bay holds on to finish third to George Sholtz's Flush and Vernon Dancer's Super Bowl.

In the second heat Songcan is doing all right, lying second at the top of the stretch, when Stanley Dancer, inside on the rail, comes out into him, banging against LaChance's sulky and staggering Songcan almost into a break. He falls back to sixth as Vernon Dancer and Super Bowl zip through on the rail to win in 1:59½. Stanley thumps to the finish on a flat tire. As the drivers head back to the paddock, LaChance, furious, shouts at Dancer: "What do you think you're doing? That's not fair." Dancer—according to LaChance—coolly replied, "When you're racing an entry you can do anything you want."

The judges did not agree. They culled all the drivers in for close questioning. Although the finish was made official on the tote board, Presiding Judge Bob Steele was still interviewing drivers and looking at films the next morning and afternoon.

It took nearly 48 hours for the judges to make up their minds. When they did they set Stanley Dancer down for five racing days. That did not help Songcan a whole lot, but then not every movie has a happy ending. **END**

"We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



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"No miracle to it. Just a giant plastic bag. The wind at your back. And a heck of a lot of fun. All zipped in, John and I are ready for our stroll down the Amstel River. A great way to travel — if you avoid things like boats and locks."



"The walk of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin."



Oops! There we go again... stopped by the wake of a passing barge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the stern."



"Later, in the 164-year old Kieh Kalfje (Little Cal) Tavern, we tasted our adventure with Canadian Club. "It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. They admire its unmistakable character. A taste not matched by any whisky, anywhere. Canadian Club — "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands."

Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada



Never Sell the Horses Short

At least that was the attitude of a bettor who set out to prove he could make (?) more money playing the ponies at Aqueduct than a stockbroker could gambling on Wall Street

by ODD LOT as told to FRANK DEFORD



I walked down the long hall and entered the large office nervously. They were waiting for me. They ended a conversation abruptly—too abruptly—as I was ushered through the door. I knew they had been discussing me. The big boss grunted, leaned back in his chair and nodded for me to take the seat directly across from him.

I didn't ask any questions and tried not to look frightened as he stared at me, wordlessly, punctuating the silence only with the rapping of a long, thin cane on the floor. I could tell the girl was looking at me, too, sizing me up from the side. I recognized her and was not surprised that the big boss had included her in this caper. She was tall and leggy, leaning up against the window, twisting a Venetian blind cord felinely.

The man raised himself from his seat and strode across the room, turning at last and jabbing the cane in my direction. "We have a job for you," he said. I nodded. I had done business with them before and knew better than to be inquisitive. "It's a special kind of an assignment," he went on, adjusting his waistband at a spot where, I mused, a man might conceal a small pistol, were he so

continued

SELL SHORT continues

inclined. "There could be a lot of money in it for you," he said.

"How much?" I asked.

"Depends," He punched the floor with the stick.

"Depends on what kind of a job you do," the girl said, and she yanked the cord, pulling a knot out of it and holding it taut in her hands. Somewhere in the distance a clock chimed, and over the girl's shoulder, out the window, I could see a hawk moving in large circles in the darkening sky.

"All right," I said, and immediately I heard the door close quietly behind me. There was no turning back.

The big boss sat down and the girl tossed a folder on his desk. He flipped it open with the tip of his cane and pointed at the top sheet. "There's a new money game in town," he said, "and we want to get in on it."

"I'm your man," I said.

"It's no pushover," the girl said. "It won't be easy."

"You'll need a code name for this job," the man told me.

"O.K.," I said.

He pushed the folder across the desk and motioned for me to examine the contents, watching intently all the while, except for the time it took him to pick up

a large cigar and light it, cracking the match to flame with his fingernails.

"Pretty interesting, isn't it?" he asked, letting the smoke curl from the corners of his mouth. I smiled knowingly and pushed the folder back.

"I've practiced my whole life for this," I said.

"If you do your job right," the girl said, "we will bring Wall Street to its knees." Her laugh cut through the room like a saber.

I nodded. "I have the code name," I said, and they leaned forward to hear it. The silence was eerie. "Odd Lot," I spit it out. The odd-lotter is both the laughingstock and the bane of Wall Street, the little sucker who buys less than 100 shares at a time, who makes for a lot of work and small commissions. The investor knows for bad decisions. "The perfect irony," the big boss said, chuckling, and the girl poked up the cue and began to giggle herself. "They laugh at odd-lotters. Now let's see who has the last laugh. Heh, heh, heh," and he brought his cane down hard in emphasis. He was still chuckling as I walked away, moving briskly down the hall. There was much to be done. Odd Lot must have special identification and telephone contacts to relay his orders—middlemen

who would know better than to inquire about Odd Lot's real identity or his hefty bankroll.

The Odd Lot gambit had begun long before I was called in as the hit man. The project had originated with the girl and been researched, analyzed and passed on to the big boss for his approval. There had even been discreet feelers along Wall Street itself, which was paramount to the whole scheme. It was outlined in the secret folder, which I never saw again.

The intrigue had begun shortly after off-track betting was legalized in New York City early in the year. The OTB people had released a sample advertisement to the newspapers that read: "If you're in the stock market, you might find this a better bet." Well, this off-hand suggestion gave Wall Street apoplexy. The bigwigs protested (too much) and fired off indignant letters. Playing the horses might be betting, they maintained righteously, but playing the stock market was a different thing altogether. It was an *investment*.

Well now, the girl thought devilishly, let's find out. Let's find which is the better bet—horse stock or market stocks. A deal was struck with a stockbroker (whose account of his activities follows more on these pages); he was given \$2,000 to play the market. Since I was a salaried soldier in the family that instituted these shenanigans, I was merely provided with a drawing account of \$2,000—to play the horses.

If I ended up in the black, I could keep the profits. This was not a decision based solely on corporate benevolence. It was explained that nobody in the history of any company had ever turned back more expense money than he had withdrawn, so if I did it would establish a nasty precedent. Anyway, with interest-free use of \$2,000, I was coo up on O.J. Simpson and Fran Tarkenton.

The broker and I were to compete head to head, two grand to two grand, over a five-week period, commencing on July 12. For me, this meant betting first on the races at Aqueduct, then Saratoga, since OTB takes action only on the New York tracks. (It handles the local harness raceways, but since I don't know anyone at the trotters who could inform me in advance about the jugheads scheduled to win each night, I dismissed that alternative.) The stockbro-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

ker, whom I chose to know only as The Mysterious Mr. Margin, could play any exchange, and at a time that is usually marked by "the annual summer rally." In his behalf, I must acknowledge that "the annual summer rally" was otherwise this particular annual summer.

Still, at that time I felt convinced that he was holding all the cards, that no mere horseplayer could defeat Wall Street. I did gain a certain measure of mystical confidence after my code name was accepted and registered by OTB. Gazing at the plastic ID card issued to Odd Lot, with his code number and the unlisted phone number he must call to place his bets, I began to believe that a shrewd, well-heeled stranger would be making the wagers, not me. This was comforting because, overall, in a race-track dalliance dating back 20 years to a time when I would pick up discarded newspapers and enter a track in the guise of a newsboy, I have been, frankly, a loser. Just a borderline loser, mind you; but a loser.

By the same token, I have always profited handsomely in the stock market, an enterprise I did not stumble on until somewhat later in life. I came into the market in the '60s. You remember the '60s. That was when stocks always went up no matter what they were. Oh, once in a blue moon the market would take a dip down, but it was always carefully explained to me by my broker that it was not a genuine decline. It was only a technical adjustment. Those were great times to be in the stock market, the '60s.

My house is a creation of the stock market. We don't have an address out front like other people; we have a posting of the Dow Jones averages the day we got out. Inside, there is a living room, a gift from ITE Circuit Breaker; the dining room, thanks to National Student Marketing (I got out at 42½. When did you?); the kitchen is the Dynalectron room; the bedroom is, appropriately, compliments of Holiday Inn, and the den is provided by Silicon Transistor.

Silicon Transistor was the one that made me think I better give the market up. I was away on a trip, and when I returned there was a bevy of messages from my broker—each more desperate than the previous—saying we had to unload Silicon Transistor. The only thing that said that while he was trying to reach me to have me sell, Silicon went up 7½

points. After that, it didn't seem to me that anybody really knew much about the stock market. Still, I must confess that there is not so much as a closet in the house named after a horse.

Yet my heart remains with the horses. They are character building. Scratch a kid who can read a form, and a future leader of America will bleed. It is a last frontier to sit at a track, mark up a *Morning Telegraph*, dope out a whole race, put real money down, see your money run, and go to a good old-fashioned window and have a man dish out cash to you. If I were a little younger, I would say that it is a relevant experience.

The stock market, by contrast, is displaced and impersonal. Somebody else does everything. The only stock I ever got any real visceral satisfaction out of was Holiday Inn, because I handicapped that myself. Everywhere I went, across America, Holiday Inns were in the best locations and packed to the gills. I told my broker this, and he said, "Never buy hotels." I had to bludgeon him to take my money. The first time Holiday Inn split and screeched up a few more points, I felt better than I had in years, in fact, since I was 15 and my cousin

Will and I hit a 37-to-1 shot at Timonium Fair and employed some of our profits to watch the half man/half woman disrobe in a tent on the midway.

There is a constancy to racing. It never really changes. Stockbrokers are forever informing you that hotels are out of fashion, or aerospace, or computers, or whatever. The '60s were not made up of 10 calendar years, but of alternating periods when you were supposed to buy and sell airplane stocks: Buy Airplanes I, Sell Airplanes I, Buy Airplanes II, and so on. Nobody at the track ever says, "Speed horses won't be in till the spring" or "Get out of sprints and go heavy on routes." There are none of those technical adjustments to explain away losses during a day at a racetrack. If you lose, it is simply because you are a bad horseplayer. Either that or you got robbed. The latter usually is what happens to me.

I had everything stacked against me in my battle with The Mysterious Mr. Margin. Not only did he have that annual summer rally due him, but also I had to play Aqueduct and Saratoga. They are too rich for my blood. I was nurtured on the half-mile tracks of Maryland, where the cheapest nags run. Them

continued



Cartier trusted the cleaving of a diamond now worth \$125,000 to the ride that's steady as a rock. 1972 Mercury.



July 7, 1971. In an actual demonstration for a TV commercial, a rough diamond worth \$50,000 put Mercury's outstanding ride to a critical test.



Mr. Josef Britini of Cartier's, New York, is about to cleave the gem in the rear seat of a moving Mercury Marquis. Will the ride be steady enough?



We chose a rugged test site: Dyckman Street, where it's rough, uneven, paved with cobblestones. Our speed at the critical moment, 35 mph.



At 35 MPH, the marquis strikes. He precisely, the diamond could more than double in value. The slightest mistake, it's worthless powder.



A perfect clef! Two beautifully formed facets are ready to be polished. The smaller gem is 4.75 carats. The larger stone, an impressive 9.02 carats.



The finished jewel (opposite page), this magnificent \$125,000 Cartier diamond—an elegant reminder of Mercury's smooth, steady ride.



Mercury Marquis Brougham (shown) includes as standard equipment a 429 cu. in. V-8, automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, power windows, and vinyl roof. Hi-Back Twin-Comfort Lounge Seats and cornering lights (shown) are optional.

All this, plus the most distinctive styling in the medium price class. And the ride that has been demonstrated in test after test as one of the finest in the world.

Test Mercury's ride yourself, at your Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

A man in a dark suit and tie stands between two police officers in uniform. They are positioned behind a dark green Mercury sedan, which is parked on a city street. The car's front end is prominent, showing the large chrome grille and the 'Mercury' script on the hood. In the background, a building with a 'Cartier' sign is visible. The scene is set in an urban environment with a sidewalk and a building facade.

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 

Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano.



The gown was created for Liqueur Galliano by Gallitine of Rome.
Actress Greta Vayan was photographed along the Appian Way.

SELL SHORT continued

I can figure, but class horses at the top tracks confuse me. There are too many good ones in every race. Accordingly, I took on an associate, a young lady we shall call The Filly, a student of bloodlines, a confidante of trainers with bloodlines, and so *avant-garde* about horses that she can even give you a line on jumping races. Most bettors won't touch the steeplechasers, or, as they are called, the lepers. The Filly was to be my expert analyst, a boon companion and company in misery.

Monday July 12. It is now past time.

Well, what to bet? Some kibitzers advised me to sit tight, looking for one or two solid choices during the whole five weeks, then backing them with \$1,000 or \$1,500 or the whole bag of cheese. But I didn't like that; not enough action. Interlocking, escalating three-horse parlays were explained to me, but OTB is not set up to accept parlays of any stripe. I consulted the Oracle of Vegas, Jimmy the Greek. He considered the situation and advised me to play the consensus favorite every day. The Filly researched how consensus favorites had fared in the previous month and told me to disregard The Greek's advice. I examined racing slide rules, systems, codes and dream books, but to depend willy-nilly on such methods would be to subjugate myself to a scheme; it would be like depending on a stockbroker. At last, I decided that the only proper way to conduct myself was like always, only more exuberantly since I was playing with somebody else's money.

I did dabble in two flyers almost every day. First, in keeping with the spirit of the competition, I always played the Dow Jones daily double. At OTB, the horses are assigned letters instead of numbers. Thus, for the Dow Jones double, I played D in the first race, J in the second. I figured I had five weeks of chances, and if D-J ever hit, it might be a biggie. Sadly, it never scored at any price. I also played the *Sesame Street* horse every day I could. At the end of each *Sesame Street* show it is announced that the program was brought to you by a letter of the alphabet and a number. Say, H and 3. So, I would put \$2 on H in the third race. Unfortunately, *Sesame Street* never gave me a live one in five weeks. So much for hunch bets.

Now for real handicapping. I checked about carefully in selecting the inaugural wager. Anytime I could pick a nag that

continued

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Model RR-3 (discontinued)

Amana Radarange
MICROWAVE OVEN

bakes a potato in 4 minutes, cooks a hamburger in 60 seconds and a 5 lb. roast in 35 minutes.

Cooking with the Radarange microwave oven is a totally new way of preparing food. The oven and your kitchen stay cool. Only the food gets hot. Cooks most everything in one-fourth the time you're used to.

Completely portable (measures 15" high, 22 1/2" wide and 17 1/2" deep), the Radarange is small enough for a counter top. Perfect for kitchens,

patios, boat galleys—anyplace there's ordinary household current.

Just push a button, set a timer and food's ready in a jiffy. Cleanup's a snap, too. You cook on paper, glass or china, and clean the oven with a damp cloth.

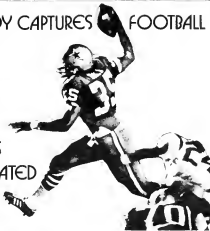
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NOBODY CAPTURES FOOTBALL

LIKE
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SELL SHORT continued

The Filly also liked, I figured that indicated such a confluence of wisdom as to demand a bet. Such a horse was Hydronaut, E in the sixth, at 10 to 1. Cautiously, I phoned in \$10 on the nose. The Filly felt that a place bet would be more appropriate. I explained to her that, what with the annual summer rally imminent, we could not hold back. On the nose. Hydronaut finished second, beaten by a nose. Horses, it appeared, ran exactly for Odd Lot as they had done for me. The Filly gave me a jump winner in the last race, though, so we came out of the first day \$3 ahead.

Indeed, wagering prudently this first week, I concluded the whole week \$5.60 in the black, and since the market slid down 15 points and carried The Mysterious Mr. Margin down \$153—we had agreed on weekly situation reports—I came out of the gate a couple of lengths ahead. My major early challenge came not from my opponent, but from Off-Track Betting, which vented discomfited to accept my money. I discovered, for instance, that if I hand-delivered money—that is, U.S. dollar bills—to my local Off-Track deposit window, it took another five days before that money reached my account. No bank, never mind any bookie, could stay in business for long that way.

As a consequence, I soon had to bet on the hoof at an OTB parlor. These rooms, at least back in July, were filled with brittle and moody computers and staffed by clerks who appeared to possess the disposition and mentality of billy goats. Restless foremen and middle-management types conspired to add more havoc to the confusion behind the windows. "Are you going to school in there or taking bets?" a gruff would-be bettor called from the line next to mine one day.

On that occasion, Friday of the first week, I was trying to put down a \$50 bet on something called Nu Lancer in the fifth. Betting for the race closed at 2:20 p.m. I arrived in line—seven people ahead of me—at 1:40. Forty-four minutes later, at 2:24, I reached the window, but I was too late for Nu Lancer. He won by three lengths and paid \$6.80, which is \$170 for \$50. That would have put me so far ahead of The Mysterious Mr. Margin that he would have had to traffic in uranium offerings or pork bellies to catch up.

I gave him numerous opportunities

to pass me in the second week, a time of variegated and periodic disasters, including flat tires, water in the cellar—the Scan Data room—and the poor little dog getting hit by a car. In keeping with all this, I was also an atrocious handicapper. Now for the good news: the OTB computers failed so regularly that I was unable to make many bad bets that I would have dearly liked to place.

Despite the mechanical limitations put on me, I still managed 10 straight losers in one stretch, a point I mention not just to be masochistic but to illustrate what could happen if you ever are lured by that old geometrical gambit: you know, double your bets every time you lose. If I had started out betting the innocent \$2 minimum on the first race of this losing skein, and doubled as I went along, I would have been \$2,046 in the hole—wiped out—after the 10th straight loss. I just thought I would point that out as a public service.

Nevertheless, even in defeat, there was never a dull moment during this period, because attempting to make any bet was an adventure. The computers were erratic, deposits were being routed through Belgrade or somewhere, and the phone company was on strike. Once I let the phone ring 45 minutes without OTB answering—and then I got cut off. On a few other occasions I was cut right into a conversation between another bettor and an OTB clerk. Or, weirder still, another bettor and I ended up talking to each other after we both dialed OTB. The first time this happened, the other fellow said, "Off-Track Betting?"

I took it as a greeting, not a question, and replied simply, "Hello," whereupon he dutifully read off his code number. "Yes," I said, as if I had pulled out his file. "Your code name?" And he gave me that, too.

"All right," I said. "—, you have \$9,764.80 in your account. What is your first bet on today's card?" He was still making gurgling noises and trying to figure out how he could withdraw \$9,700 quack before OTB found out its mistake when I hung up.

Clever as I was with bon mots on the telephone, I improved only marginally at handicapping in the third week. I hit four winners one day, a 33-to-1 shot and other, and a nice daily double (not a D-J double, of course) and still managed to lose \$45 for the week. Luckily, The Mysterious Mr. Margin fell on even more

woeful times and dropped \$242 behind me. I had \$1,759 left out of the \$2,000, he \$1,517.

With only two weeks remaining, it began to seriously occur to me that a) maybe there really was not going to be an annual summer rally this annual summer, and b) I really could beat the stock market (or, anyway, lose less than the market). In retrospect, I know I should have changed my procedures at this point and played it safe to hold the lead. I should have become choosier, backing only solid favorites—to place. But the habits of a lifetime cannot be shaken overnight. I plugged away, proud and stubborn.

People would ask me: suppose you enter the final Saturday a few dollars ahead of The Mysterious Mr. Margin. The market has closed for the week. Do you sit on your lead? No, I replied, shaking my head vigorously, and then offering detailed accounts of batting champions who refused to be taken out of the last game of the season, even though one more at bat without a hit would take the title from them. I was going to be a real betting champion.

Certainly, OTB makes it easier to bet, too. I found that when I made my day's bets, if I was uncertain about wagering on a race when I placed the call, invariably I would plunge in the end. The temptation was too much. "Any more bets, Odd Lot?" the gremlin clerk would trill in the phone.

"Well, O.K., let's go back to the fourth. Twenty to win on E, as in easy." The deed was done. It is a lot like when I am in a grocery store and all the little goodies are sitting up there next to the check-out counter. I have to throw in a pack of wild cherry or Christ-O-Mint Life Savers at the last moment as the girl is tallying up the groceries. This is the only time I ever buy Life Savers.

The fourth week the horses moved to Saratoga and I hit a steady procession of winners—but all the wrong ones. The horses I bet heavily failed, my lukewarm choices came through. It made me think that perhaps I should have put the same amount on every horse. But I checked out that possibility when the whole five weeks were up and found that I would not have fared so well betting, say, \$20 on every horse.

Besides all the \$2 flyers (which, sadly, included the 33-to-1 shot), I made 96 bets, ranging from \$5 to \$100. I cashed

tickets ranging from \$5 to \$100, too. I had 20 winners, 19 seconds, 12 thirds—\$1 in the money—while 45 ran out. I fared much worse with my doubles and exactas, only cashing one of each.

But I am getting ahead of myself. There was trouble on the horizon. After the market closed the fourth week, word came from The Mysterious Mr. Margin that he was making a bold move into a new stock. He had done a lot better the past week than I had. Suddenly, I was only \$163 ahead, \$1,633 to \$1,470. I visualized a tough stretch run.

I did not improve my position as the final week wore on, either, dubbling away another \$48 by late in the afternoon of the last market day of the competition—Friday the 13th of August. At just about the time President Nixon embarked for a weekend at Camp David, a report came in from headquarters that The Mysterious Mr. Margin had stumbled badly, losing a resounding \$337 in

the fifth week to end up at \$1,132.85. I was some \$450 ahead with a day to go. There was no way that I could fail to win. The ordeal was over.

I did bet \$420 the last day in a vain effort to score big and end up in the black, but I lost \$210 in this dying gasp and finished with \$1,374.90. In salute to The Mysterious Mr. Margin, I also played an appropriate little flyer for him, betting \$10 on Sid's Bid in the eighth. Sid's Bid raced for the Blue Chip Farm. He

ran next to last, beating only one horse in the field—the one on which I had placed my final serious bet.

Two days later President Nixon came back from Camp David and announced the wage-price freeze. The market shot up 33 points that Monday and the annual summer rally began. My own broker called up about a dandy little over-the-counter item. "Sure," I said. "Anything, I'm the guy that beat the market."

FIRST RACE— The Annual Summer Rally Handicap, \$2,000 added, aging maidens; those without Don & Bradstreet's allowed 6 lbs. Won, put in the neck of time. Pace, desultory.

P.P.	Ltr	Starter	Weight	1/4	1/2	Str	Fin
1	—	A	Odd Lot	114	17	16	1 st 13
2	—	B	Mysterious Mr. Margin	120 1/4	2	2	2

ODD LOT broke on top, opened up a long lead down the backstretch, withstood a stout challenge in the final turn, and despite sloppy handling, maintained his advantage. He collapsed two steps past the finish line and was humanely destroyed. MYSTERIOUS MR. MARGIN raced greenly early, rallied and found his best stride at the 1/2 pole and then hung

These Are Times of Technical Adjustment

by MYSTERIOUS MR. MARGIN as told to ROBERT H. BOYLE

When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED asked me to buck heads with Odd Lot and the horses by playing the stock market, I readily agreed. I was fascinated by the notion. I have been around horses all my life, and so has my wife. We are fohunters. She actually does most of the work, grooming the horses and cleaning the tack. I muck out the stalls, so I do feel rather close to horses, although in a different sort of way than Odd Lot. I'm sure. Several friends and clients have rising stables, and I make it a point to visit the track a few times in the course of the year.

Familiar with both racing and the stock market, I felt from the start I was going to be at a disadvantage. I have no desire to alibi, but I simply was not going to have the number of opportunities that Odd Lot would have betting the races. When you have a commitment in the market, you can't change it every day. This is especially the case when you have only \$2,000 to play with, because the brokerage commissions, surcharges, taxes and fees would really eat into your capital. I always tell a po-

tential investor to stay away from Wall Street until he has at least \$7,500 or \$10,000 to spare. My typical client has \$75,000 to \$100,000 in the market, some considerably more; when an investor has a substantial sum I can spread it around in three or four different stocks to take advantage of special opportunities and also to cut the risk.

Any investment made in the market should be for more than five weeks. The best gains can be realized from longer-term positions, investing in a stock that will do well over a period of from six months to two years. This gives the company a chance to develop a following and allows the investor to take a capital gain.

Despite these handicaps, I was willing to take on Odd Lot and the horses. There was the sport of the challenge, and I would also be able to test the validity of my theory that an investor needed at least \$7,500 to go into the market, even though that was a negative consideration.

I began devising my strategy. Because of the commissions and fees, I decided

continued





to buy one stock at a time. Instead of investing in a potential turnaround—some depressed electronics, steels or the like, that I figured just had to go up sometime—I would choose a stock that already had a following. So much for the game plan, now for the game.

MONDAY, JULY 12. The first day of competition and a dull one in the market with Dow Jones up only 1.60. I decide to wait until tomorrow.

JULY 13. The market had been up all the previous week but now it starts down. Indeed it is in a rout and the day ends with the Dow Jones off 11. Yet I take the plunge, buying 45 shares of Fred S. James & Company at 42½. The shares cost me \$1,929.38, and even though I am a partner in my firm I have to pay the commission, \$24.29, and the surcharge, \$12.15. Despite the deteriorating market, I am optimistic about Fred S. James. An insurance brokerage company with an outstanding record of achievement, the company appears to have a good following among investors, and the stock has had a steady rise. A year ago it sold for \$10.75 over the counter; only recently the company obtained a listing on the Big Board. With just a little luck and a continuation of momentum, I figure to sell my purchase at a 10% profit in about two weeks. Odd Lot may have a hare's head start, but I am the tortoise.

JULY 14. The expected market stabilization took place today, but Fred S. James slipped downward and was off 1¼. Perhaps we got in at the end of the action here, and so instead of waiting two weeks I am now prepared to move out smartly into something else should the opportunity arise. Through the

grapevine I hear that a relatively new company, International Foodservice Systems, could "go higher." Checking around, I discover that the company has received a good writeup in a service, or what horseplayers might call a tip sheet. International has a fine record of growth, and the youthful management appears to be highly regarded on The Street. I learn that the company president's name was Steven Sanford Fink but that he has changed it to Steven Sanford. Is this a warning of some kind? I call a broker who has his eye on the same kind of stock situations that interest me, and he says he has heard of International and the stock looks "pretty good." I telephone a friend in New York and he likes it. While I am mulling over the possibilities, I happen to mention it casually to one of my associates who has a dismal record in picking growth stocks. He passes off International as unglamorous and probably a loser. Based on his comment, I decide to buy International the very next morning.

JULY 15. Out of Fred S. James at 41½ and into International Foodservice Systems. I get \$1,850.63 for my James, pay \$23.51 commission, \$11.76 surcharge, \$2.25 tax and exactly 4¢ for the SEC fee. I am left with \$1,813.07, not counting \$34.18 unused in my account. I buy 75 shares of International at 23½ for \$1,771.88 and also pay \$22.72 commission and \$11.36 surcharge for a total expenditure of \$1,805.96. In only two days I am behind more than \$150, but I feel I am going places with International. People have to eat, don't they?

JULY 19-26. This week apparently marked the start of a mass diet by the country at large. International drops 1½. It is slowly bleeding me to death with fractional drops.

JULY 27. Down another 1½. I must get out!

JULY 28. Real estate investment trusts look like the answer. I have been following them for some months, and they pay good dividends, have good records of growth in earnings per share, sell at reasonable price/earnings ratios and seem to have an excellent following. All these ingredients are appealing, but in checking around the office I find people rather lukewarm to the trusts as a whole. In fact, one of the partners says he remembers them doing badly back around 1930. I wasn't around at the time, nor was this particular type of investment. I don't

think I'll check with this partner again for his opinions.

JULY 29. I finally dump International Foodservice Systems at 20¼, and after paying fees wind up with \$1,475.40.

JULY 30. I buy 45 shares of Wachovia Realty Investments, selling at 30 on the New York Stock Exchange. It appears to be a well-managed company and has a solid record of quarterly increases. I own some of this stock myself, and while this is usually the kiss of death, I feel we might have an exception here. Including commission and surcharge, my expenditure comes to \$1,377.75. I also have \$138.94 in my account. Watch me move with Wachovia.

AUGUST 2-3. No significant action. While I might have good value here, I need some movement if I am to beat Odd Lot by Friday the 13th, the last day of our betting duel.

AUGUST 4. One of the worst markets all year. My Wachovia held up O.K. and even rose ¾. A number of opportunities are appearing and the market certainly seems oversold, yet the selling continues. Should I change my game plan? Should I go short? Short on what? Anything! Tempting but it appears to be late for me to do that. Moreover, some stocks are falling so fast the chance to go short might not occur.

One thing is certain. I must move—and now. A research service I use is bullish about a company called Topper. I know a fellow who has a dog named Topper. Is this company a dog? The Topper Corporation specializes in toys, such as Suzy Homemaker dolls and Johnny Lightning cars. Moreover, Topper has recently signed a contract to produce toys under the *Sesame Street* label. As a general rule, any company that has nationwide consumer-usage overtones can expect a large-volume business bonanza that will reflect itself in higher prices for the stock. I decide I am going for Topper. It certainly isn't the best quality stock but we don't have much longer to go with this game, so the investment should be O.K. for a week or so.

AUGUST 5. Sold Wachovia at 30¼, but lost money because of commission, surcharge, tax and 3¢ SEC fee. I had laid out \$1,377.75 for Wachovia, and I get back the net sum of \$1,331.04. But there is no looking back, and so here I go on Topper. Using margin for the first time, I buy 100 shares at 17¼. My total expenditure is \$1,812.13, and I am deeper

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Why

the owners of Yashica's Electro-35 automatic camera can take pictures like a professional.

Ira Phillips, Dentist: "I've lost track of the number of great pictures I've taken with my Electro-35. It's been with me on all my vacations. It's been rained on, snowed on, it's been out in the desert, in the tropics. And it hasn't cost me one cent for repairs. If anybody makes a more reliable camera, I'd like to see it!"



Shirley Miller, Fashion Consultant: "My husband and I travel a lot. I take lots of pictures. Which we found were boring our friends because most were out of focus or the color wasn't right. But our Electro-35 changed all that. Now our friends can hardly wait to see the pictures we take."



Frank Harris, Maintenance Man: "The very first week I had my Electro-35, I dropped it on a sidewalk... I expected the worst. But nothing happened. It worked perfectly then and still does today. It's a rugged camera and it's always right on."



Jolynn Bellavia, Executive Secretary: "I could hardly believe it! Every picture comes out. Everytime. And when I think of the shots I missed with my old camera I tune! I'm so glad I own an Electro-35 now."



Howard Molofsky, student: "I didn't trust the salesman when he said I couldn't miss with this camera. But I must admit he was right. Every picture comes out sharp and clear. Every single shot!"



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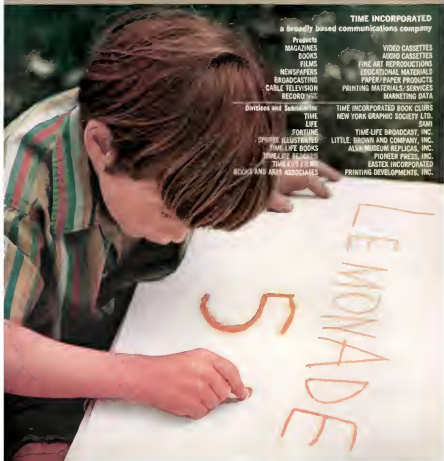
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Frost 8/80 Dry White Whisky:

The color is white. The taste is dry. The possibilities are endless.

You've never seen a whisky like this. Because there's never been one like it.

It's hard to make. But it's easy to enjoy. And here's why.

The mellowing is done in carefully seasoned oak barrels.

And that's just the beginning. It goes through 8 full steps on the way to terrific. And it's filtered 3 extra times through:

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The result is the first whisky that looks white, tastes dry, and mixes with just about anything. Orange juice. Tomato juice. Tonic. Ginger ale. Soda. Or you can drink it on the rocks. It's that good.

Frost 8/80 is easy to enjoy.

The color is white.

The taste is dry.

The possibilities endless.

FROST 8/80



You come to town eager but unknown.

Your credentials:

An uncanny knack to persuade.

An aggressive business attitude
that cuts through old thinking like a hatchet
through cheese.

The courage to be different
and the talent to get away with it.

Part salesman. Part strategist. Part copywriter.

Part pilot. Part sports car racer.

Nine years later you're Carl Ally,
Chairman and chief executive officer
of the \$40 million ad agency that bears your name.

And they're writing ads about you
that you no longer need.

Why Carl Ally doesn't need this ad.

Well, if Carl doesn't need someone else
to do his selling, maybe it's because
he learned a few tricks along the way.

Like how to sell himself

and his clients' products at the same time.

Carl knows that when he advertises Pan Am,

Hertz and IBM Office Products in

Business Week, he's buying more top management,
per dollar, than in any other business book.

130,000 company presidents and owners alone.

But a less known fact

is that an ad in Business Week

also sells the ad maker.

Because the same audience is stacked with guys
who can assign... and reassign... entire ad accounts
to guys like Carl Ally.

Which explains the usefulness

of our index to Advertisers and Agencies

on the next-to-last page.

Conclusion:

When an agency sells in Business Week

it has the best chance to sell more products
for less money.

And it gets to sell itself

in the bargain.

Advertise in Business Week.

Before you need to.

Business Week

We mean business







*If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

AMERICANS BUY MOTOR OIL THE WAY THEY BUY HOT DOGS

But there's a difference.

If you buy the wrong hot dog you get heartburn. When you buy the wrong motor oil you get heartburn and a big repair bill.

A new kind of motor oil.

Now we want to tell you about a motor oil which up to now you couldn't find at most gas stations. It's called Castrol GTX. You've probably heard the name Castrol. Castrol is the oil Al Unser used in the winning car at the Indy 500. If you talk to car buffs, they'll tell you it's the last word in motor oils.

Aren't all good motor oils pretty much the same?

Judge for yourself. To begin with, Castrol GTX has the greatest range of viscosity of any motor oil in the world. Viscosity means flowability. And the greater the range of viscosity, the better your car will function under all service conditions. This means you'll get instant lubrication at low temperatures (for quick starting) and the protection you need at high temperatures to prevent dangerous metal-to-metal contact of moving parts.

Our real oze in the cronkcase.

It's something called Liquid

Tungsten. Liquid Tungsten is no hocus pocus secret ingredient. It's a patented additive that not only reduces friction but actually cuts down on the amount of oil your engine uses.

What this oil adds up to

is the closest thing to perfection you'll find in an all-purpose motor oil.

Now, the big question.

Where can you buy it? Automotive stores have always carried Castrol. But, starting this month, mass merchandisers, speed shops, auto parts houses and service stations will carry GTX in a special kit to celebrate our win at Indy.

The 6-Pack kit.

It contains six quarts of GTX plus an in-

spiring full-color poster of Al Unser and the scene at Indianapolis.

But, if for some reason you can't find the Castrol 6-Pack kit in a store near you, don't despair. We'll send you this \$9.60 value for \$6.60. Just mail a check or money order and your name and address.



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Now. Get behind an A&C Grenadier.

They won...and he scored the winning touchdown. You couldn't be prouder. Now you can relax with an unforgettable cigar—the mild tasting A&C Grenadier. You get real flavor from the Grenadier because it has A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos. And real flavor is the reason so many men are buying so many A&C's. So get behind an A&C Grenadier. Available in light or dark wrapper, it's shown full size on the left. Or try a Panetela, a Tany or one of nine other A&C shapes and sizes.



Antonio y Cleopatra

Pack or box, you're ahead behind an A&C.



SELL SHORT continued

in the hole, but as the market closes Topper is up 1 1/4 on 50,000 shares. This is a good sign to have a stock that advances on rising volume. It is on the most actively traded list, so hopefully other people feel the same as I do.

AUGUST 6. Euphoria at last! Topper closed at 19 1/2. Again a big volume and again on the most active list. I go home for a happy weekend.

AUGUST 10. I am taking gas! Topper Corporation is lambasted in "Heard on the Street" column in *The Wall Street Journal*. It seems people can't say enough bad things about the company and as a result of the *Journal* article, the stock is doomed. There are sell orders galore as everyone tries to jump out, and Topper closes at 15 1/2. More gas, please.

AUGUST 11. Topper is off only a quarter of a point. This is a moral victory, all things considered.

AUGUST 12. May I please have some more gas? Topper traded as low as 14 1/2, ends the day at 15 1/2.

AUGUST 13. Black Friday, as the great gambling battle ends with me stuck with Topper down to 14 1/2. Picking my way through the ruins, I end up with a total of \$1,132.85 out of the \$2,000 I started with July 12. Looking back, I could kick myself for not having used a different strategy. I could have brought Odd Lot to his knees by selling short, irony of ironies, on Computer Sciences, the company that has made such a mess of the OTB computers in New York. As the computers kept breaking down, the company's stock slid from 11 1/4 on July 12 to 9 1/4 on Aug. 13. If I had gone short on the machines Odd Lot was beating wgh, I would have made a \$225 profit. Oh, if.

Does anyone know anything good next week at Aqueeduct?

Stocks	Open	Last	Net Chge
MyersMcMinn pf	50	28 1/2	-21 1/2
Odd Lot	50	34 1/2	-15 1/2

Awaiting the annual summer rally, investors remained on the sidelines and the market was mixed in moderate trading. After a one-week surge, MyersMcMinn Mr. Margin was buffeted by profit taking and fell to its lowest price of the year. Odd Lot remained under heavy selling pressure for all four weeks, and at the conclusion of that period it was announced that trading in the stock was suspended, pending the outcome of an investigation of the Odd Lot management.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 5-11

BASEBALL—To reach the World Series again, the Orioles defeated the Oakland Athletics 3-1, and 5-3 to complete their third straight game sweep of the American League playoffs. The Orioles had split the first two games, won the National League playoffs, by beating the San Francisco Giants 2-1 and 9-5.

BASEBALL—JOERG BRUER of Brazil won his second consecutive Pan Clava world sailing championship in Toronto by a point over Earl Van Dyke of Australia, Mo.

FOOTBALL—American Conference NEW ENGLAND qualified last season's victory today by winning its second game 20-0 over the New York Jets as rookie Sam Fungsten threw three touchdown passes (over 300) Pat Manning back Jan Stener became only the 15th player in NFL history to pass more than 3,000 yards rushing when he picked up 20 yards. Eastern Division leader BALTIMORE held Buffalo to 49 yards, and Norm MacLeod and rookie Don McCurdy scored two touchdowns against it in a 14-0 shutout of the Bills. In Cleveland broke a tie with Pittsburgh for the Central Division title by beating the Steelers 27-17 before 43,000 at Cleveland Stadium. With Miami caught eight behind Boston for 12th yards and one touchdown, MIAMI's Bob Griese threw two TD passes over a 43-yarder to Paul Warfield, and Gene Yepsen added three field goals to hand Cincinnati, the defending Central Division champions, their third straight loss, 21-11. KANSAS CITY, co-leader with the Raiders in the West, won its third straight, defeating Chicago 34-20 after Len Dawson's two touchdowns. The Chargers had grabbed a 10-0 lead early in the second quarter before the Raiders' Dan Fouts and OAKLAND wrapped the Monday night TV jinx by coming from behind on a TD pass and run by Kimo Huijter in the third quarter to beat Denver 27-10 after covering Fouts behind in the second half to defeat Cleveland 34-20 earlier in the week. National Conference. Eastern Division. The Redskins, the only undefeated team in the NFL, guested at fourth victory, beating Houston 22-13 on the Joe Carr Knight field goals before 51,000 at RFK Stadium, the largest crowd in Washington history. The Redskins defeated championship three-pointers Dallas 24-10 on a 38-yard field goal by Dan Fouts, recovered two fumbles. MINNESOTA scored its second straight victory, defeating Miami. Philadelphia 17-10 to remain tied for first place in the Central Division with the Colts and Bears. Although the Bengals was the first against the Eagles in nine years, it was a moral victory of sorts for new Coach Ed McCaffrey, as the three previous Philadelphia losses, respectively, scored 37, 42 and 31 points. Kent Nix started his first game in three seasons and

scored two touchdown passes in CHICAGO's seventh New Orleans 15-14. Greg Kauter completed 18 passes for 362 yards and four touchdowns, including a 40-yarder in Larry Wilson, to lead OILFIELD to its third straight win, 31-20 over Green Bay. LOS ANGELES won its fourth straight game, 20-13, by beating the San Francisco 49ers 20-13 when Larry Smith ran 84 yards for a touchdown in the fourth quarter. Jim Bakken scored four field goals in ST. LOUIS, outplayed Atlanta 26-9.

FOOTBALL—GARY FLAYER won the Pizzardi World March Day championship at Westminster in England for the fourth time, defeating Jack Nicklaus 5 and 4 in the 16-hole final and winning \$20,000 (page 31).

HAWAIIAN RACING—SAVIORE (33-80), driven by Jimmy Archer, won the \$65,411 Kentucky Futurity, the third leg of training's Triple Crown, on straight heat (1:58.3, 1 and 1:52.2) at the Lexington (Ky.) track.

GOOD HUMOR MAN, a Meadow Stupper colt who is a full brother of Moss, Bippo Italia, winner of pacing's Triple Crown in 1970, was sold for an all-time record of \$100,000 at the Tattersall's Yearling Sale in Lexington, Ky. The animals record for a standardbred was \$125,000, set in 1966 at Hawthorne. The buy out was purchased by Vernon G. Gochman of Aurora, Ohio, who also topped the bidding at the Hammersley Sales in September when he bought Penny Hancov, a Tar Heel colt, for \$90,000.

HOCKEY—Nathan Morehead, the defending Stanley Cup champion, led Detroit's effort to leave a spot in the playoffs without their current stars, Norm MacLeod and Gordie Howe. However, when jersey was raised before the game, which Detroit won 3-2, the two hockey stars in the last two attempts to tie the Canadiens 4-4. Howe's offense was more noticeable in Detroit where the Red Wings, last in the East Division last season, were defeated by MINNESOTA 4-2. CHICAGO played defense at St. Louis Division title with a 4-2 victory over St. Louis. Bobby Hull scored twice. TORONTO beat Vancouver 3-2 on Carter Denny's "Snake's" third-period goal. LOS ANGELES scored two goals in the final three minutes in an CALIFORNIA 4-4, while Pittsburgh, rookie Doug J. Anderson's first NHL goal beat Philadelphia 3-2.

HORSE RACING—RITA RIDGE (34-80), ridden by Jon Eustice, won the \$155,500 Hagerman Stakes at Belmont Park by seven lengths over Geron Flight Governor Mox, a winner in four of five starts, finished fourth in the 100th running of the mile event for 2-year-olds, the richest on the New York racing calendar.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON, who started by nearly three times as one point ahead 126 1/2 mph in his Mercury to win the trans-Ampered NASCAR National 500 race in Charlotte, N.C.

POLO—The WILSON RANCH of Aspen, Texas, defeated Broad Acres Polo Club of Norman, Okla. 7-3 to take the national 12 and 13 championships at Mulliken, Texas.

TENNIS—The UNITED STATES won the Davis Cup for the 21st time in the 37-year history of the competition by beating Romania in Charleston, N.C. (page 26). The victory moved the U.S. one ahead of Australia for all-time cup victories.

WRESTLING—FRED JERRY WILLIAMS, 46, head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, is by reported by Associated Press F. K. Davis for the remainder of the season. Williams, a former Eagle back, returned to the club in 1969 after teaching at the Canadian Football League, and had a 7-2-1 record, including three repeated losses this season.

FIGHT—California Angel Manon LEFTY PHILLIPS, 35, and his four coaches, just two days after Phillips' chest problem, Outrigger ALEX JOHNSON, son traded to the Cleveland Indians, along with catcher JERRY MATHIS, for Outrigger VADA PONDIN and Frank Bakker and Proctor ALAN POSTER. Johnson, scouted last year for talent in Seattle, and Moses both had second-round fights with the Angels while Proctor charged that the Indians failed to live up to salary promises in 1971.

NAMED As co-chairman of the Bay Region Conference, CHARLES NELSON JR., former assistant executive director of the NCAA.

REALIGNED The American League's Eastern Division, to include the MILWAUKEE BRAVES, in order to accommodate the Washington Senators' move to Dallas-Fort Worth, a new Western Division franchise.

SIGNED By the ABC Utah Stars, JIMMY RINES, formerly an All-Star guard for the Memphis Pros. Although he was the league's 15th all-around player (19.5 average) and also ranked third in assists per game, Rines, 26, was signed to a one-year contract to pick up his option within the required time limit.

TRADED In a 10-player deal involving the Best in Red Sox and the Milwaukee Brewers, Pichon, Jim LONBORG and KEN HILLIT, Ohio riders BILL CANNON and RAY LAMORE, Fred Rasmussen GIBSON SCOTT and Catcher DON PAULITCH of the Red Sox to the Brewers for Outrigger TOMMY HARTER and Paul Rasmussen and Pitchers LEW KRAUSSE and MARTY PATTON.

CREDITS

21—Walter Jones 1-22—James Drake 23—Mark Schlabach 27—John Sorenson 28—Steve Bortz
with Hugh G. Cunningham 26—John F. Jones 27—
Garry Cooper 28—Doris Buchanan 44—John F. Jones 27—
41—Garry Cooper

FACES IN THE CROWD

LYNN—The Moscow ELBERT, 10, of River Forest, Ill., was both the 10- and 12-and-under titles in the Illinois State Junior Open Tennis tournament in Evanston. She won both the semifinal and final 10s matches by scores of 6-0, 6-0 and the 12s 6-1 and 6-1.

DENIS T. RICE, 29, mayor of Towson, Calif., and a former Princeton swimmer, took three seconds, a third and a fifth in freestyle races at the Livorno City (Calif.) Masters meet in the men's 25-40 age group. It was his first competition after a 17-year layoff.

DESI NAJERA, a sophomore from Brownsville, Texas, had 333 total yards in his first game as quarterback for Texas A&M University, the completed rate of 80 passes for 192 yards and rushed 16 times for 141 yards. Unhappy, A&M lost to Trinity of Texas 16-10.

KAI NYBY, of Postage, Ind., a freshman at Butler University, became the first U.S. soccer player to score a goal on Soviet soil against a Soviet team when his March International team played at Zagreb, U.S.S.R. The more experienced Zagreb team won 12-2.

HARRENE LATIMER, 17, of Murtagh, Idaho, became the second girl ever to achieve a second-grade brown belt rating in karate kumite, gaining the rating after 215 yards and 250 hours of classwork. She also throws the discs for her high school girls' track team.

JAY BORDO, 18, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., son of two-time U.S. Open champion Julius Bordo, won the Fort Lauderdale Metro Amateur championship with a 76-71-147. He relied from a set-back deficit to break five of the last nine holes and win by a stroke.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEEING RED

Sirs:

As an impartial observer from Los Angeles, I am amazed how you can deny Nebraska the No. 1 spot in your football ratings (*The Week*, Oct. 4), continually putting Notre Dame above the Cornhuskers.

Despite your long overdue but fine article on Bob Devaney, the members of your football staff cannot swallow their Eastern pride and admit that Nebraska is the No. 1 team in the country. I fail to understand how Notre Dame's slippery and shaky conquest of Purdue is of more importance than Nebraska's 34-7 win over Texas A&M, in which it was carefully pointed out in your four-line report that the loser's lone score came on a 94-yard kickoff return. Yet there was no mention made of Nebraska's 96- and 95-yard scoring returns! Notre Dame can thank the rain for its win. Had the same happened to Nebraska, I would bet the Cornhuskers surely would have fallen several steps in the ranking.

But because Notre Dame's football past is sacred and Nebraska still is just a bunch of corn-fed cowboys, we will continue to read your ratings based on football tradition rather than actual performance.

WILLIAM A. ROGERS, M.D.

Los Angeles

Sirs:

After reading the final score of this year's Purdue-Notre Dame game, I would like to have the name of the cheerleader who did the quarterbacking for the Irish.

RON BAITEZHIAN

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

Nebraska played a good, clean, hard football game against underrated Texas A&M and didn't have to rely on recovering a fumble in the end zone to win as Notre Dame did against Purdue. So when are you going to recognize Nebraska as the No. 1 team in the Midwest and No. 1 in the nation?

MARK THOMAS

Merrill, Neb.

Sirs:

I wonder what it takes for your magazine to admit to a mistake. In your yearly college football predictions you chose Notre Dame No. 1. I commended your magazine for the choice, although I disagreed. Precision predictions are a guessing game, but by the third week of the season you should know reality when it stares you in the face. Nebraska is better than Notre Dame.

BILL GINSBURG

Omaha

ERNIE WEARS WELL

Sirs:

Are you aware that some residents of the Los Angeles area do not consider Vin Scully (*And Here, to Bring You the Play by Play* . . . , Sept. 13) the best? His "sung-song" delivery and apparent boredom with the game many times inclines his listeners toward sleepiness.

There was no mention in your article of St. Louis' Jim Woods, an excellent announcer. Or of Bob Neal in Cleveland. But the one omission that was most glaring was Detroit's Ernie Harwell. I was a young girl in New York when Ernie was in Brooklyn. Then he got a better offer with the New York Giants, and moved across the river. Later on he went to Baltimore and then to Detroit. In my travels around the country I've been lucky enough to pick up his radio broadcasts, and he still gives a better word picture of the game than anyone else.

He has a sense of humor, a warm, honest personality that comes through, and he is very knowledgeable. Unlike some of the announcers you discussed, he wears well.

MARGARET CASTELLERKEY

Washington

MARVELOUS MERV

Sirs:

It is nice to know that Merv Rettenmund's talents have not gone unnoticed (*He's That Kind of Guy*, Oct. 4). As a Ball State alumna, I second what Ray Louthen said about him being the finest all-round athlete ever to attend Ball State. Not only was he the best football and baseball player in school, he was the best basketball player not on the varsity basketball team. He was good enough to have been on the volleyball team, which was recognized as one of the country's best. He was a track team by himself in the intramural track meet, and he even managed to win the school intramural badminton championship.

DAVE WHITSON

Milwaukee

NO DIS

Sirs:

To those who are always perplexed at the failure of soccer to attain lasting popularity in the U.S. (*Are We Finally Starting to Dig the World's Game?*, Oct. 4), may I offer the following points as likely reasons:

1. Four major team sports (baseball, football, basketball, hockey) are already established in a year-round schedule; there are no "free seasons" lying around.
2. The quality of soccer in the U.S.—at all levels—is simply not high enough to be attractive to great numbers of fans.
3. There is a terribly small number of do-

mestic players who make it to the pros and with whom spectators can identify.

Fortunately, Commissioner Phil Woosnam has understood that the problem lies not with the game itself, but rather with these hard facts of the American sporting scene. His ideas for a pro draft, a senior bowl and foreign-player quotas could work wonders. Our best players will be attracted by the realistic chance for a job and will improve immensely in top competition. Furthermore, their exposure as star collegians and developing professionals will make them attractions with whom the fans and young players can readily identify.

ALLEN E. HYE

Willimantic, Conn.

Sirs:

A few people here may love the game, myself included, but Americans on the whole are not sufficiently civilized to appreciate a sport where the athletes don't attempt to crunch each other in order to win.

RAYMOND THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

Sirs:

I play soccer and see no reason why it won't catch on in America. Granted, the low scoring is a disadvantage, but so is it in ice hockey. But 60 minutes of continuous action can't be boring, and the one big advantage is, as Hugh McIlvenney stated, "You don't have to be a bull or a giraffe to play it."

It's about time we started digging the world's game. What would Pete Roelle do if 200,000 fans showed up for the Super Bowl as they do at Wembley and other soccer stadiums around the world?

BOOZER MARTINE

Wiliston Park, N.Y.

SHORT SHRIFF

Sirs:

Baseball has died a little. The Washington Senators are no more (*Scorecard*, Oct. 4). All of a sudden there is no next year. The loss will probably seem unimportant to most Americans. The Senators were not champions, only the butt of many a joke. But among the multitude of fans who grew up and lived with the Washington Senators as an integral part of life, the loss is deep felt and the bitterness great.

The people of Washington have stood by the Senators through as much adversity as any fans anywhere. We watched them rise from neophyte to winners, only to have them moved out and replaced by more ineptitude. But we took the new team and loved it and dreamed of future victories. Now we are to make the ultimate sacrifice

continued

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to bail out Owner Robert Short (may his name live in infamy), who managed to dig himself into a financial hole. He, with the help of the other owners to whom a couple more dollars mean more than anything, is shifting the team to Dallas-Fort Worth, leaving nothing behind but broken dreams. It's no wonder so many baseball fans are being turned off.

In the future there will probably be talk of another team for Washington. Owners like Short and Griffith will say Washington doesn't deserve a team. But the truth is that baseball doesn't deserve a city or fans like Washington.

J. W. BATCHELOR

APO San Francisco

MAYDAY!

Sirs:

Your recent article *Call How Willie—or Carlos or Lee. Everybody Does* (Sept. 20) included the statement that only five Maytles had made it to the major leagues before Willie. That's not quite accurate. You see, the Italian word for the month of May is *maieiro*. Thus the name DiMaggio translates "of May" or "May's." This adds three more Maytles to those who arrived before Willie.

This also settles the perennial argument as to who was the best centerfielder to play for a New York team. Obviously, it was Maytles. But was it Joe or Willie?

G. J. FERRARISE

New York City

QUARTER HORSEMEN

Sirs:

I got the impression from Bill Gilbert's report on the \$750,000 All American Futurity at Ruidoso Downs (*After a Mountain of Money*, Sept. 20) that quarter horses are raced exclusively by big Texas oil tycoons, ranchers and bunkers who don't know of any other way to play around with their millions.

There are some 800,000 registered quarter horses in the world. The American Quarter Horse Association is the largest equine breed registry on earth. This quarter horse business isn't just for the rich guy who might share his barbecue and beer with you at the next race meet. Some folks make their living solely by breeding, raising and racing these horses. They are not the wealthiest people by far but, like their daddies and granddaddies, they like what they are doing.

TEX ROGERS

Editor

The Texas and Southwestern Horsemans

Houston

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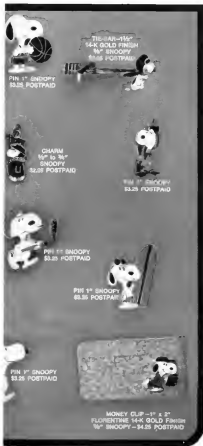
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